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PEACE.

"Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you."—John xiv., 27.

Oh, words sublime that sweep across the ages!
Heavy with old, and yet forever new;
Potent to still the breast whose sorrow rages,
"Not as the world gives give I unto you."

God's peace! What is it more than other quiet,
That sometimes falls amid the storms of life?
Not all the wealth of earth combined can buy it,
Nor kings command it when grown tired of strife.

What is God's peace? A sun-kissed wayless ocean,
A holy light that never knows decrease,
A cloudless sky unswept by wind's commotion,
A priceless boon, an everlasting peace.

A tower of strength to those who wisely gain it,
A balm more fragrant than the dew of flowers;
How rich! and yet how easy to obtain it;
'Tis but to ask aright and it is ours.

Forever ours, for e'en death's billows swelling
Shall fail to reach its home or bid it cease;
"Oh! love divine, all other love excelling,"
That gave this heritage of perfect peace.

SADIE SEATTY.

EAST LYNNE;

OR,

THE ELOPEMENT.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

LORD MOUNT SEVERN AND MR. CARLYLE.

CHAPTER XII.

LIFE AT CASTLE MARLING.

Isabel had been in her new home about ten days, when Lord and Lady Mount Severn arrived at Castle Marling. Which was not a castle, you may as well be told, but only the name of a town, nearly contiguous to which was their residence, a small estate. Lord Mount Severn welcomed Isabel; Lady Mount Severn, also, after a fashion; but her manner was so repellant, so insolently patronizing, that it brought the indignant crimson to the cheeks of Lady Isabel. And if this was the case at the first meeting, what do you suppose it must have been as time went on? Galling slights, petty vexations, chilling annoyances were put upon her, trying her powers of endurance to the very length of their tether; she would wring her hands when alone, and passionately wish that she could find another refuge.

The earl and countess had two children, both boys, and in February, the younger one, always a delicate child, died. This somewhat altered their plans. Instead of proceeding to London after Easter, as had been decided upon, they would not go till May. The earl had passed part of the winter at Mount Severn, looking after the repairs and renovations that were being made there. In March he went to Paris, full of grief for the loss of his boy; far greater grief than was experienced by Lady Mount Severn.

April approached, and with it Easter. To the unconcealed dismay of Lady Mount Severn, her grandmother, Mrs. Levison, wrote her word that she required change, and should pass Easter with her at Castle Marling. Lady Mount Severn would have given her diamonds to have got out of it, but there was no escape; diamonds that were once Isabel's—at least what Isabel had worn. On the Monday in Passion Week, the old lady arrived, and with her Francis Levison. They had no other guests. Things went on pretty smoothly till Good Friday.

On Good Friday afternoon, Isabel strolled out with little William Vane; Captain Levison joined them, and they never came in till nearly dinner-time, when the three entered together, Lady Mount Severn doing penance all the time, and nursing her rage against Isabel, for Mrs. Levison kept her in-doors. There was barely time to dress for dinner, and Isabel went straight to her room. Her dress was off, her dressing gown on, Marvel was busy with her hair, and William chattering at her knee, when the door was flung open, and my lady entered. "Where have you been?" demanded she, shaking with passion. Isabel knew the signs.

"Strolling about in the shrubberies and grounds," answered Isabel.

"How dare you so disgrace yourself?"

"I do not understand you," said Isabel, her heart beginning to beat unpleasantly. "Marvel, you are pulling my hair."

When women liable to intemperate fits of passion give the reins to them, they neither know nor care what they say. Lady Mount Severn broke into a torrent of reproach and abuse, most degrading and unjustifiable.

"Is it not sufficient that you are allowed an asylum in my house, but you must also disgrace it? Three hours have you been hiding yourself with Francis Levison! You have done nothing but flirt with him from the moment he came; you did nothing else at Christmas."

The attack was longer and broader, but that was the substance of it, and Isabel was goaded to resistance, to anger little less great than that of the countess. This! and before her attendant! She, an earl's daughter, so much better born than Emma Mount Severn, to be thus insultingly accused in the other's mad jealousy. Isabel tossed her hair from the hands of Marvel, rose up and confronted the countess, constraining her voice to calmness.

"I do not flirt," she said; "I have never flirted. I leave that"—and she could not wholly suppress in her tone the scorn she felt—"to married women; though it seems to me that it is a fault less venial in them than in single ones. There is but one inmate of this house who flirts, so far as I have seen since I have lived in it; is it you or I, Lady Mount Severn?"

The home-truth told on her ladyship. She turned white with rage, forgot her manners, and, raising her right hand, struck Isabel a stinging blow upon the left cheek. Confused and terrified, Isabel stood in pain, and before she could speak or act, my lady's left hand was raised to the other cheek, and a blow left on that. Lady Isabel shivered as with a sudden chill, and cried out—a sharp, quick cry—covered her outraged face, and sank down upon the dressing-chair. Marvel threw up her hands in dismay, and William Vane could not have burst into a louder roar had he been beaten himself. The boy—he was of a sensitive nature—was frightened.

My good reader, are you of the inexperienced ones who borrow notions of "fashionable life" from the novels got at a library, taking their high-flown contents for gospel, and religiously believing that lords and ladies live upon stilts, speak, eat, move, breathe by the rules of good breeding only? Are you under the delusion—too many are—that the days of dukes and duchesses are spent discussing "pictures, tastes, Shakspeare, and the musical glasses?"—that they are strung on polite wires of silver, and can't get off the hinges, never giving vent to angry tempers, or to words unorthodox, as common-place mortals do? That will come to pass when the Great Creator shall see fit to send men into the world freed from baneful tempers, evil passions, from the sins bequeathed by the fall of Adam.

Lady Mount Severn finished up the scene by boxing William for his noise, jerked him out of the room, and told him he was a monkey.

Isabel Vane lay through the live-long night, weeping tears of anguish and indignation. She could not remain at Castle Marling—who would, after so great an outrage? yet, where was she to go? Fifty times in the course of the night did she wish that she was laid beside her father, for her feelings obtained the mastery of her reason; in her calm moments she would have shrunk from the idea of death, as the young and healthy must do.

She rose on the Saturday morning, weak and languid, the effects of the night of grief, and Marvel brought her breakfast up. William Vane stole into the room afterward; he was attached to her in a remarkable degree.

"Mamma's going out," he exclaimed, "in the course of the morning. Look, Isabel."

Isabel went to the window. Lady Mount Severn was in the pony carriage, Francis Levison driving.

"We can go down now, Isabel; nobody will be there."

She assented, and went down with William; but scarcely were they in the drawing-room when a servant entered with a card on a salver.

"A gentleman, my lady, wishes to see you."

"To see me?" returned Isabel, in surprise. "Or Lady Mount Severn?"

"He asked for you, my lady."

She took up the card. "Mr. Carlyle." "Oh!" she uttered, in a tone of joyful surprise, "show him in."

It is curious, nay, appalling, to trace the thread in a human life; how the most trivial occurrences lead to the great events of existence, bringing forth happiness or misery, weal or woe. A client of Mr. Carlyle's, travelling from one part of England to the other, was arrested by illness at Castle Marling—grave illness, it appeared to be, inducing fears of death. He had not, as the phrase goes, settled his affairs; and Mr. Carlyle was telegraphed for in haste, to "take his will," and for other private matters. A very simple occurrence it appeared to Mr. Carlyle, this journey, and yet it was destined to lead to events that would end only with his own life.

Mr. Carlyle entered, unaffected and gentlemanly as ever, with his noble form, his attractive face, and his drooping eyelids. She advanced to meet him, holding out her hand, her countenance betraying her pleasure.

"This is indeed unexpected," she exclaimed. "How very pleased I am to see you."

"Business brought me yesterday to Castle Marling. I could not leave it again without calling on you. I hear that Lord Mount Severn is absent."

"He is in France," she rejoined. "I said we should be sure to meet again; do you remember, Mr. Carlyle? You—"

Isabel suddenly stopped; for with the word "remember," she also remembered something—the hundred-pound note—and what she was saying faltered on her tongue. Confused, indeed, grew she; for, alas! she had changed and partly spent it. How was it possible to ask Lady Mount Severn for money? and the earl was nearly always away. Mr. Carlyle saw her embarrassment, though he may not have detected its cause.

"What a fine boy!" exclaimed he, looking at the child.

"It is Lord Vane," said Isabel.

"A truthful, earnest spirit, I am sure," he continued, gazing at his open countenance. "How old are you, my little man?"

"I am six, sir; and my brother was four."

Isabel bent over the child—an excuse to cover her perplexity. "You do not know this gentleman, William. It is Mr. Carlyle, and he has been very kind to me."

The little lord turned his thoughtful eyes on Mr. Carlyle, apparently studying his countenance. "I shall like you, sir, if you are kind to Isabel. Are you kind to her?"

"Very, very kind," murmured Lady Isabel, leaving William and turning to Mr Carlyle, but not looking at him. "I don't know what to say; I ought to thank you. I did not intend to use the—to use it; but I—I—"

"Hush!" he interrupted, laughing at her confusion. "I do not know what you are talking of. I have a great misfortune to break to you, Lady Isabel."

She lifted her eyes and her glowing cheeks, somewhat aroused from her own thoughts.

"Two of your fish are dead. The gold ones."

"Are they?"

"I believe it was the frost killed them; I don't know what else it could have been. You may remember those bitter days we had in January; they died then."

"You are very good to take care of them all this while. How is East Lynne looking? Dear East Lynne! Is it occupied?"

"Not yet. I have spent some money upon it, and it repays the outlay."

The excitement of his arrival had worn off, and she was looking herself again, pale and sad; he could not help observing that she was changed.

"I cannot expect to look so well at Castle Marling as I did at East Lynne," she answered.

"I trust it is a happy home to you?" said Mr. Carlyle, speaking upon impulse.

She glanced up at him, a look that he would never forget; it certainly told of despair.

"No," she said, shaking her head, "it is a miserable home, and I cannot remain in it. I have been awake all night, thinking where I can go, but I cannot tell; I have not a friend in the wide world."

Never let people talk secrets before children, for be assured that they comprehend a vast deal more than is expedient; the saying that "Little pitchers have great ears" is wonderfully true. Lord Vane held up his head to Mr. Carlyle:

"Isabel told me this morning that she should go away from us. Shall I tell you why? Mamma beat her yesterday when she was angry."

"Be quiet, William!" interrupted Lady Isabel, her face in a flame.

"Two great slaps upon her cheeks," continued the young viscount; "and Isabel cried so, and I screamed, and then mamma hit me. But boys are made to be hit; nurse says so. Marvel came into the nursery when we were at tea, and told nurse about it. She says Isabel's too good-looking, and that's why mamma—"

Isabel stopped the child's tongue, rang a peal on the bell, and marched him to the door, dispatching him to the nursery by the servant who answered it.

Mr. Carlyle's eyes were full of indignant sympathy. "Can this be true?" he asked, in a low tone, when she returned to him. "You do, indeed, want a friend!"

"I must bear my lot," she replied, obeying the impulse which prompted her to confide in Mr. Carlyle. "At least till Lord Mount Severn returns."

"And then?"

"I really do not know," she said, the rebellious tears rising faster than she could choke them down. "He has no other home to offer me; but with Lady Mount Severn I cannot, and will not remain. She would break my heart, as she has already well nigh broken my spirit. I have not deserved it of her, Mr. Carlyle."

"No, I am sure you have not," he warmly answered. "I wish I could help you! What can I do?"

"You can do nothing," she said. "What can any one do?"

"I wish, I wish I could help you!" he repeated. "East Lynne was not, take it for all in all, a pleasant home to you, but it seems you changed for the worse when you left it."

"Not a pleasant home!" she echoed, its reminiscences appearing delightful in that moment, for it must be remembered that all things are estimated by comparison. "Indeed it was; I may never have so pleasant a one again. Oh! Mr. Carlyle, do not disparage East Lynne to me! Would I could awake and find the last few months but a hideous dream!—that I could find my dear father alive again!—that we were still living peacefully at East Lynne. It would be a very Eden to me now."

What was Mr. Carlyle about to say? What emotion was it that agitated his countenance, impeded his breath, and dyed his face blood-red? His better genius was surely not watching over him, or those words had never been spoken.

"There is but one way," he began, taking her hand and nervously playing with it, probably unconscious that he did so; "only one way in which you could return to East Lynne. And that way—I may not presume, perhaps, to point it out."

She looked at him, and waited for an explanation.

"If my words offend you, Lady Isabel, check them, as their presumption deserves, and pardon me. May I—dare I—offer you to return to East Lynne as its mistress?"

She did not comprehend him in the slightest degree; the drift of his meaning never dawned upon her. "Return to East Lynne as its mistress?" she repeated, in bewilderment.

"And as my wife."

No possibility of misunderstanding him now, and the shock and surprise were great. She had stood there by Mr. Carlyle's side, conversing confidentially with him, esteeming him greatly, feeling as if he were her truest friend on earth, clinging to him in her heart as to a powerful haven of refuge, loving him almost as she would love a brother, suffering her hand to remain in his. But to be his wife!—the idea had never presented itself to her in any shape until this moment, and her mind's first emotion was one of entire opposition, her first movement to express it, as she essayed to withdraw herself and her hand away from him.

But not so; Mr. Carlyle did not suffer it. He not only retained that hand, but took the other also, and spoke, now the ice was broken, eloquent words of love. Not unmeaning phrases of rhapsody, about hearts and darts and dying for her, such as somebody else might have given utterance to, but earnest-hearted words of deep tenderness, calculated to win upon the mind's good sense, as well as upon the ear and heart; and, it may be, that had her imagination not been filled up with that "somebody else," she would have said Yes there and then.

They were suddenly interrupted. Lady Mount Severn entered, and took in the scene at a glance; Mr. Carlyle's bent attitude of devotion, his imprisonment of the hands, and Isabel's perplexed and blushing countenance. She threw up her head and her little inquisitive nose, and stopped short on the carpet; her freezing looks demanding an explanation, as plainly as looks can do it. Mr. Carlyle turned to her, and, by way of sparing Isabel, proceeded to introduce himself. Isabel had just presence of mind left to name her; "Lady Mount Severn."

"I am sorry that Lord Mount Severn should be absent, to whom I have the honor of being known," he said. "I am Mr. Carlyle."

"I have heard of you," replied her ladyship, scanning his good looks, and feeling cross that his homage should be given where she saw it was given, "but I had not heard that you and Lady Isabel Vane were on the extraordinary terms of intimacy that—that—"

"Madam," he interrupted, as he handed a chair to her ladyship and took another himself, "we have never yet been on terms of extraordinary intimacy. I was begging the Lady Isabel to grant that we might be; I was asking her to become my wife."

The avowal was as a shower of incense to the countess, and her ill humor melted into sunshine. It was a solution to her great difficulty, a loophole by which she might get rid of her bête noir, the hated Isabel. A flush of gratification lighted her face, and she became full of graciousness to Mr. Carlyle.

"How very grateful Isabel must feel to you," quoth she. "I speak openly, Mr Carlyle, because I know that you were cognizant of the unprotected state in which she was left by the earl's improvidence, putting marriage for her, at any rate a high marriage, nearly out of the question. East Lynne is a beautiful place, I have heard."

"For its size, it is not large," replied Mr. Carlyle, as he rose, for Isabel had also risen and was coming forward.

"And pray what is Lady Isabel's answer?" quickly asked the countess turning to her.

Not to her did Isabel condescend to give an answer, but she approached Mr. Carlyle, and spoke in a low tone.

"Will you give me a few hours for consideration?"

"I am only too happy that you should accord it consideration, for it speaks to me of hope," was his reply, as he opened the door for her to pass out. "I will be here again this afternoon."

It was a perplexing debate that Lady Isabel held with herself in the solitude of her chamber, while Mr. Carlyle touched upon ways and means to Lady Mount Severn. Isabel was little more than a child, and as a child she reasoned, looking neither far nor deep; the shallow palpable aspect of affairs alone presenting itself to her view. That Mr. Carlyle was not of rank equal to her own, she scarcely remembered; East Lynne seemed a very fair settlement in life, and in point of size, beauty and importance, it was far superior to the house she was now in. She forgot that her position in East Lynne as Mr. Carlyle's wife would not be what it had been as Lord Mount Severn's daughter; she forgot that she would be tied to a quiet home, shut out from the great world, the pomps and vanities to which she was born. She liked Mr. Carlyle much: she experienced pleasure in conversing with him; she liked to be with him; in short, but for that other ill-omened fancy which had crept over her, there would have been a danger of her falling in love with Mr. Carlyle. And, oh! to be removed for ever from the bitter dependence on Lady Mount Severn—East Lynne would, in truth, after that, seem what she had called it, Eden.

"So far it looks favorable," mentally exclaimed poor Isabel, "but there is the other side of the question. It is not only that I do not love Mr. Carlyle, but I fear I do love, or very nearly love, Francis Levison. I wish he would ask me to be his wife!—or that I had never seen him."

Isabel's soliloquy was interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Levison and the countess. What the latter had said to the old lady to win her to the cause, was best known to herself, but she was eloquent in it. They both used every possible argument to induce her to accept Mr. Carlyle; the old lady declaring she had never been introduced to any one she was so much taken with (and Mrs. Levison was incapable of asserting what was not true); that he was worth a dozen empty-headed men of the great world.

Isabel listened, now swayed one way, now the other, and when afternoon came, her head was aching with perplexity. The stumbling-block that she could not get over was Francis Levison. She saw Mr. Carlyle's approach from her window, and went down to the drawing-room, not in the least knowing what her answer was to be; a shadowy idea was presenting itself, that she would ask him for longer time, and write her answer.

In the drawing room was Francis Levison, and her heart beat wildly; which said beating might have convinced her that she ought not to marry another.

"Where have you been hiding yourself?" cried he. "Did you hear of the mishap with the pony carriage?"

"No," was her answer.

"I was driving Emma into town. The pony took fright, kicked, plunged and went down upon his knees; she took fright in turn, got out, and walked home. So I gave the brute some chastisement and a race, and brought him to the stables, getting home in time to be introduced to Mr. Carlyle. He seems an out-and-out good fellow, Isabel, and I congratulate you."

"What!" she uttered.

"Don't start. We are all in the family, and my lady told; I won't betray it abroad. She says East Lynne is a place to be coveted; I wish you happiness, Isabel."

"Thank you," she returned, in a sarcastic tone, though her throat beat and her lips quivered. "You are premature in your congratulations, Captain Levison."

"Am I? Keep my good wishes then till the right man comes. I am beyond the pale myself and dare not think of entering the happy state," he added in a pointed tone. "I have indulged dreams of it, like others, but I cannot afford to indulge them seriously; a poor man, with uncertain prospects can only play the butterfly, perhaps to his life's end."

He quitted the room as he spoke. It was impossible for Isabel to misunderstand him, but a feeling shot across her mind, for the first time, that he was false and heartless. One of the servants appeared, showing in Mr. Carlyle; nothing false or heartless about him. He closed the door, and approached her, she did not speak, and her lips were white and trembling. Mr. Carlyle waited.

"Well," he said at length, in a gentle tone, "have you decided to grant my prayer?"

"Yes. But—" She could not go on. What with one agitation and another she had difficulty in conquering her emotion. "But—I was going to tell you—"

"Presently," he whispered, leading her to a sofa; "we can both afford to wait now. Oh, Isabel, you have made me very happy!"

"I ought to tell you, I must tell you," she began again, in the midst of hysterical tears. "Though I have said yes to your proposal I do not—yet— It has come upon me by surprise," she stammered. "I like you very much; I esteem and respect you; but I do not yet love you."

"I should wonder if you did. But you will let me earn your love, Isabel."

"Oh yes," she earnestly answered. "I hope so."

He drew her closer to him, bent his face, and took from her lips his first kiss. Isabel was passive; she supposed he had gained the right to do so. "My dearest! it is all I ask."

CHAPTER XIII.

A MOONLIGHT WALK.

The sensations of Mr. Carlyle, when he returned to West Lynne, were very much like those of an Eton boy, who knows he has been in mischief, and dreads detection. As to his own affairs—for he had nothing to conceal—he yet deemed it expedient to dissemble now. He felt that his sister would be bitter at the prospect of his marrying; instinct had taught him that, years past; and he believed that of all women, the most objectionable to her would be Lady Isabel, for Miss Carlyle looked to the useful, and had neither sympathy nor admiration for the beautiful. He was not sure but she might be capable of endeavoring to frustrate the marriage, should news of it reach her ears, and her indomitable will had carried many strange things in her life: therefore, you will not blame Mr. Carlyle for observing entire reticence as to his future plans.

A family of the name of Carew had been about taking East Lynne: they wished to rent it, furnished, for three years. Upon some of the minor arrangements they and Mr. Carlyle were opposed, but the latter declined to give way. During his absence at Castle Marling, news had arrived from them—they had acceded to all his terms, and would enter upon East Lynne as soon as was convenient. Miss Carlyle was full of congratulations; it was off their hands, she said; but the first letter Mr. Carlyle wrote was—to decline them. He did not tell this to Miss Carlyle. The final touches to the house were given, preparatory to the reception of its inhabitants, and three maid and two men servants hired and sent there, upon board-wages, until the family should arrive.

One evening three weeks subsequent to Mr. Carlyle's visit to Castle Marling, Barbara Hare called at Miss Carlyle's, and found them going to tea much earlier than usual.

"We dined earlier," said Miss Corny, "and I ordered tea as soon as the dinner went away. Otherwise, Archibald would have taken none."

"I am as well without tea," said he. "And I have a mass of business to get through yet."

"You are not as well without it," cried Miss Corny, "and I don't choose you should go without it. Take off your bonnet, Barbara. He does things like nobody else; he is off to Castle Marling to-morrow, and never could open his lips till just now that he was going."

"Is that invalid—Brewster, or what his name is—laid up at Castle Marling still?" exclaimed Barbara.

"He is still there," said Mr. Carlyle.

Barbara sprang up the moment tea was over. "I don't know what mamma will say to me. And it is beginning to grow dusk. She will think it is late for me to be out alone."

"Archibald can walk with you," said Miss Carlyle.

"I don't know that," cried he, in his plain, open way. "Dill is waiting for me in the office, and I have some hours' work before me. However—I suppose you won't care to put up with Peter's attendance; so make haste with your bonnet, Barbara."

She took his arm, and they walked on, Mr. Carlyle striking the hedge and the grass with her parasol. Another minute, and—the handle was in two.

"I thought you would do it," said Barbara, while he was regarding the parasol with ludicrous dismay. "Never mind, it is an old one."

"I will bring you another to replace it. What is the color? Brown. I won't forget. Hold the relics a minute, Barbara."

He put the pieces in her hand, and taking out a note-case, made a note in pencil.

"What's that for?" she inquired.

He held it close to her eyes, that she might discern what he had written: "Brown parasol, B. H."

"A reminder for me, Barbara, in case I forget."

Barbara's eye detected another item or two already entered in the note-case: "piano," "plate."

"I jot down the things, as they occur to me, that I must get in London," he explained. "Otherwise, I should forget half."

"In London! I thought you were going in an opposite direction—to Castle Marling."

It was a slip of the tongue, but Mr. Carlyle repaired it.

"I may probably have to visit London as well as Castle Marling. How bright the moon looks rising there, Barbara!"

"So bright—that or the sky—that I saw your secrets," answered she. "Piano! Plate! What can you want with either, Archibald?"

"They are for East Lynne," he quietly replied.

"Oh, for the Carews." And Barbara's interest in the items was gone.

They turned into the road just below the Grove, and reached it. Mr. Carlyle held the gate open for Barbara.

"You will come in and say good night to mamma. She was saying to-day what a stranger you have made of yourself lately."

"I have been busy; and I really have not the time to-night. You must remember me to her instead." And cordially shaking her by the hand, he closed the gate.

It was two or three mornings after the departure of Mr. Carlyle that Mr. Dill appeared before Miss Carlyle, bearing a letter. She was busy regarding the effect of some new muslin curtains, just put up, and did not pay attention to him.

"Will you please take the letter, Miss Cornelia? The postman left it in the office with ours. It is from Mr. Archibald."

"Why, what has he got to write to me about?" retorted Miss Corny. "Does he say when he is coming home?"

"You had better see, Miss Cornelia. Mine does not."

She opened the letter, glanced at it, and sank down on a chair; more overcome, more stupefied than she had felt in her whole life.

"CASTLE MARLING, May 1st.

"MY DEAR CORNELIA:—I was married this morning to Lady Isabel Vane, and hasten briefly to acquaint you with the fact. I will write you more fully to-morrow or the next day, and explain all things.

"Your ever affectionate brother,

"ARCHIBALD CARLYLE."

"It is a hoax," were the first guttural sounds that escaped from Miss Carlyle's throat, when speech came to her.

Mr. Dill only stood like a stone image.

"It is a hoax, I say," raved Miss Carlyle. "What are you standing there for, like a gander on one leg?" she reiterated, venting her anger upon the unoffending man. "Is it a hoax or not?"

"I am overdone with amazement, Miss Corny. It is not a hoax; I have had a letter, too."

"It can't be true—it can't be true. He had no more thought of being married when he left here, three days ago, than I have."

"How can we tell that, Miss Corny? How are we to know he did not go to be married? I fancy he did."

"Go to be married!" shrieked Miss Corny, in a passion. "He would not be such a fool. And to that fine lady-child! No—no."

"He has sent this to be put in the county journals," said Mr. Dill, holding forth a scrap of paper. "They are married safe enough."

Miss Carlyle took it and held it before her; her hand was cold as ice, and shook as if with palsy.

"MARRIED.—On the 1st inst., at Castle Marling, by the chaplain to the Earl of Mount Severn, Archibald Carlyle, Esquire, of East Lynne, to the Lady Isabel Mary Vane, only child of William, late Earl of Mount Severn."

Miss Carlyle tore the paper to atoms and scattered it. Mr. Dill afterward made copies from memory, and sent them to the journal offices. But let that pass.

"I will never forgive him," she deliberately uttered, "and I will never forgive or tolerate her."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE EARL'S ASTONISHMENT.

The announcement of the marriage in the newspapers was the first intimation of it Lord Mount Severn received. He was little less thunderstruck than Miss Corny, and came steaming to England the same day, thereby missing his wife's letter, which gave her version of the affair. He met Mr. Carlyle and Lady Isabel in London, where they were staying at one of the west-end hotels—only for a day or two, however, for they were going further. Isabel was alone when the earl was announced.

"What is the meaning of this, Isabel?" began he, without the circumlocution of greeting. "You are married!"

"Yes," she answered with her pretty, innocent blush. "Some days ago."

"And to Carlyle the lawyer! How did it come about?"

Isabel began to think how it did come about, sufficiently to give a clear answer. "He asked me," she said, "and I accepted him. He came to Castle Marling at Easter, and asked me then. I was very much surprised."

The earl looked at her attentively. "Why was I kept in ignorance of this, Isabel?"

"I did not know you were kept in ignorance of it. Mr. Carlyle wrote to you, as did Lady Mount Severn."

Lord Mount Severn was as a man in the dark, and looked like it. "I suppose this comes," soliloquized he aloud, "of your father's having allowed the gentleman to dance daily attendance at East Lynne. And so you fell in love with him."

"Indeed, no!" answered she, in an amused tone. "I never thought of such a thing as falling in love with Mr. Carlyle."

"Then don't you love him?" abruptly asked the earl.

"No!" she whispered timidly; "but I like him much—oh, very much! And he is so good to me!"

The earl stroked his chin and mused. Isabel had destroyed the only reasonable conclusion he had been able to come to, as to the motives for the hasty marriage. "If you do not love Mr. Carlyle, how comes it that you are so wise in the distinction between 'liking' and 'love?' It cannot be that you love anybody else?"

The question told home, and Isabel turned crimson. "I shall love my husband in time," was all she answered, as she bent her head, and played nervously with her watch-chain.

"My poor child!" involuntarily exclaimed the earl. But he was one who liked to fathom the depth of everything. "Who has been staying at Castle Marling since I left?" he asked, sharply.

"Mrs. Levison came down."

"I alluded to gentlemen—young men."

"Only Francis Levison," she replied.

"Francis Levison! You have never been so foolish as to fall in love with him?"

The question was so pointed, so abrupt, and Isabel's self-consciousness, moreover, so great, that she betrayed lamentable confusion, and the earl had no further need to ask. Pity stole into his hard eyes as they fixed themselves on her downcast, glowing face.

"Isabel," he gravely began, "Captain Levison is not a good man; if ever you were inclined to think him one, dispossess your mind of the idea, and hold him at arm's distance. Drop his acquaintance—encourage no intimacy with him."

"I have already dropped it," said Isabel, "and I shall not take it up again. But Lady Mount Severn must think well of him, or she would not have him there."

"She thinks none too well of him; none can, of Francis Levison," returned the earl, significantly.

Before Isabel could reply, Mr. Carlyle entered. He held out his hand to the earl; the earl did not appear to see it.

"Isabel," said he, "I am sorry to turn you out, but I suppose you have but this one sitting-room. I wish to say a few words to Mr. Carlyle."

She quitted them, and the earl wheeled round and faced Mr. Carlyle, speaking in a stern, haughty tone.

"How came this marriage about, sir? Do you possess so little honor, that, taking advantage of my absence, you must intrude yourself into my family, and clandestinely espouse Lady Isabel Vane?"

Mr. Carlyle stood confounded, not confused. He drew himself up to his full height, looking every whit as fearless, and far more noble than the peer. "My lord, I do not understand you."

"Yet I speak plainly. What is it but a clandestine procedure, to take advantage of a guardian's absence, and beguile a young girl into a marriage beneath her?"

"There has been nothing clandestine in my conduct toward Lady Isabel Vane; there shall be nothing but honor in my conduct toward Lady Isabel Carlyle. Your lordship has been misinformed."

"I have not been informed at all," retorted the earl. "I was allowed to learn this from the public papers—I, the only relative of Lady Isabel."

"When I proposed for Lady Isabel—"

"But a month ago," sarcastically interrupted the earl.

"But a month ago," calmly repeated Mr. Carlyle, "my first action, after Isabel accepted me, was to write to you. But that I imagine you may not have received the letter, by stating you first heard of our marriage through the papers, I should say the want of courtesy lay on your lordship's side, for having vouchsafed me no reply to it."

"What were the contents of the letter?"

"I stated what had occurred, mentioning what I was able to do in the way of settlements, and also that both Isabel and myself wished the ceremony to take place as soon as might be."

"And pray where did you address the letter?"

"Lady Mount Severn could not give me the address. She said if I would intrust the letter to her, she would forward it with the rest she wrote, for she expected daily to hear from you. I did give her the letter, and I heard no more of the matter, except that her ladyship sent me a message, when Isabel was writing to me, that, as you returned no reply, you of course approved."

"Is this the fact?" cried the earl.

"My lord," coldly replied Mr. Carlyle, "whatever may be my defects in your eyes, I am at least a man of truth. Until this moment, the suspicion that you were in ignorance of the contemplated marriage never occurred to me."

"So far then, I beg your pardon, Mr. Carlyle. But how came the marriage about at all?—how came it to be hurried over in this unseemly fashion? You made the offer at Easter, Isabel tells me, and you married her three weeks after it."

"And I would have married her and brought her away with me the day I did make it, had it been practicable," returned Mr. Carlyle. "I have acted throughout for her comfort and happiness."

"Oh, indeed!" exclaimed the earl, returning to his disagreeable tone. "Perhaps you will put me in possession of the facts, and of your motives."

"I warn you that the facts to you will not bear a pleasant sound, Lord Mount Severn."

"Allow me to be the judge of that," said the earl.

"Business took me to Castle Marling on Good Friday. On the following day I called at your house; after your own and Isabel's invitation, it was natural I should; in fact, it would have been a breach of good feeling not to do so. I found Isabel ill-treated and miserable; far from enjoying a happy home in your house—"

"What, sir?" interrupted the earl. "Ill-treated and miserable?"

"Ill-treated, even to blows, my lord!"

The earl stood as one petrified, staring at Mr. Carlyle.

"I learned it, I must premise, through the chattering revelations of your little son; Isabel, of course, would not have mentioned it to me; but when the child had spoken she did not deny it. In short she was too broken-hearted, too completely bowed in spirit to deny it. It aroused all my feelings of indignation—it excited in me an irresistible desire to emancipate her from this cruel life, and take her where she would find affection, and, I hope, happiness. There was only one way in which I could do this, and I risked it. I asked her to become my wife, and to return to her home at East Lynne."

The earl was slowly recovering from his petrifaction. "Then, am I to understand that when you called that day at my house, you carried no intention with you of proposing to Isabel?"

"Not any. It was an impromptu step, the circumstances under which I found her calling it forth."

The earl paced the room, perplexed still, and evidently disturbed. "May I inquire if you love her?" he abruptly said.

Mr. Carlyle paused ere he spoke, and a red flush dyed his face. "Those sort of feelings man rarely acknowledges to man, but I will answer you. I do love her, passionately and sincerely; I learned to love her at East Lynne; but I could have carried my love silently within me to the end of my life, and never betrayed it; and probably should have done so, but for that unexpected visit at Castle Marling. If the idea of making her my wife had never previously occurred to me as practicable, it was that I deemed her rank incompatible with my own."

"As it was," said the earl.

"Country solicitors have married peers' daughters before now," remarked Mr. Carlyle. "I only add another to the list."

"But you cannot keep her as a peer's daughter, I presume?"

"East Lynne will be her home. Our establishment will be small and quiet, as compared with her father's. I explained to Isabel how quiet at the first, as she might have retracted, had she wished; I explained also in full to Lady Mount Severn. East Lynne will descend to our eldest son, should we have children. My profession is most lucrative, my income good; were I to die to-morrow, Isabel would enjoy East Lynne and about three thousand pounds per annum. I gave these details in the letter, which appears to have miscarried."

The earl made no immediate reply; he was absorbed in thought.

"Your lordship perceives, I hope, that there has been nothing 'clandestine' in my conduct to Lady Isabel."

Lord Mount Severn held out his hand. "I refused my hand when you came in, Mr. Carlyle, as you may have observed; perhaps you will refuse yours now, though I should be proud to shake it. When I find myself in the wrong, I am not above acknowledging the fact; and I must state my opinion that you have behaved most kindly and honorably."

Mr. Carlyle smiled and put his hand into the earl's. The latter retained it, while he spoke in a whisper.

"Of course I cannot be ignorant that, in speaking of Isabel's ill-treatment, you alluded to my wife. Has it transpired beyond yourselves?"

"You may be sure that neither Isabel nor myself would mention it; we shall dismiss it from amongst our reminiscences. Let it be as though you had never heard it; it is past and done with."

"Isabel," said the earl, as he was departing that evening, for he remained to spend the day with them, "I came here this morning almost prepared to strike your husband, and I go away honoring him. Be a good and faithful wife to him, for he deserves it."

"Of course I shall," she answered, in surprise.

Lord Mount Severn steamed on to Castle Marling, and there he had a stormy interview with his wife; so stormy that the sounds penetrated to the ears of the domestics. He left again the same day, in anger, and proceeded to Mount Severn.

"He will have time to cool down before we meet in London," was the comment of my lady.

(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 31.)

VESPERS.

To the traveller in Spanish America, the striking of the vesper bells exercises a potent charm. As the usage requires every one to halt, no matter where he may be, at the first stroke of the bell, to interrupt his conversation, however important, and listen without stirring until the conclusion of the chime, the singularity of a whole population surprised in a moment as it comes and goes, held in a state of petrification, and paralyzed as if by an encounter, may be imagined. On every side you see gestures interrupted, mouths half opened for the arrested remark, smiles lingering or passing into an expression of prayer. You would fancy them a nation of statues. A town in South America, at the tinkle of the Angelus, resembles the city in the "Arabian Nights," whose inhabitants were turned into stones. The magician here is the bell-ringer. But hardly has the vibration ceased when a universal murmur arises from these thousands of oppressed lungs. Hand meets hand, question seeks answer, conversations resume their course; horses feel the loosened bridle, and paw the ground; dogs bark, babies cry, the fathers sing, the mothers chatter. The accidental turns thus given to conversation are many.

THE RESOLVE.

If he had come in the early dawn,
When the sunrise dashed the earth,
I would have given him all my heart,
Whatever the heart was worth.

If he had come at the noontide hour,
He would not have come too late;
I would have given him patient faith,
For then I learned to wait.

If he had come in the after glow,
In the peace of the eventide,
I would have given him hands and brain,
And worked for him till I died.

If he comes now the sun has set,
And the light has died away,
I will not give him a broken life,
But will turn and say him "Nay."

A Persian Vision of the Hereafter.

BY PETROLEUM V. NASBY.

Abou ben Adhem was annoyed one morning by an elderly gentleman, who desired to learn the ideas the Persian sage had of the hereafter; particularly as to the style and quality of people who would be likely to reach a future of bliss.

Abou removed his chibouk from his lips and moistening his throat with a long draught of sherbet, spoke to him thus:—

"My friend, many hundreds of years ago, when I was comparatively a young man, I dreamed one night that I had shuffled off this mortal coil, and was in the land of the hereafter. Methought I was decently deceased, had been genteelly buried, and a tombstone had been erected to my memory, on which was inscribed enough virtues to furnish a dozen. I blushed a spirit-blush when I read that tombstone and discovered what an exemplary man I had been, and I likewise wept a spirit-weep when I thought what a loss the world had sustained in my death.

"I ascended and was knocking at the outer gate of Paradise for admittance. The season had been a very healthy one, for a National Convention of Physicians had been drowned while taking a steamboat excursion on the Persian Gulf, so the doorkeeper had but little to do while my case was being decided. I whiled away an hour or two ascertaining the whereabouts of my old acquaintances, who had deceased during the ten years previous.

"There are a large number of my friends up here?" I remarked, inquiringly.

"Not very many," was the reply.

"Ebn Becar is here, I suppose?"

"Not any Ebn Becar," was the answer.

"I am surprised," I answered. "Ebn Becar, the date-seller, not in Paradise! Be chosen, no man in Ispahan was more regular in his attendance at the mosque, and he howled his prayers like a dervish. He was exceedingly zealous in keeping the faithful in the line of duty."

"True!" said the doorkeeper, "true. But, you see, Ebn kept his eagle-eye so intently fixed on his neighbor's feet that his own got off the road, and when he pulled up it wasn't at the place he had calculated. His prayers were pleasing to a true believer, but, as they were not backed up by doing things in proportion, they failed to pass current here."

"How fared it with Hadz, the scribe? He was charitable—no man gave more to the poor than he?"

"Hadz did give many shekels to the poor each year, but it was the way he gave it that spoiled the effect of his charities. He gave not for any love of his kind, but because it was a part of his system to give. He was afraid not to give. So he said, 'I will answer the demands of the law of the prophet by giving so much, which will insure me paradise,' and fancied that was charity. When the widow of Selim, the mule-driver, employed him to save her inheritance to her children, from her wicked brother, he required of her all that the law permitted him to exact, so that she said, 'Lo! I might as well have let my brother had the land.' He answered, 'The law gives it me—go to!' He would oppress the poor in a business way, and compromise with his conscience by subscribing a tenth of his profits to charity. Compromising never did work in such matters. The compromiser gives to the devil something of value, and receives in return that which damns him. The oppressions and graspings of Hadz were exactly balanced, in number, by his charities, but as he died worth a million, the oppression side was the heaviest in the quality. We keep books very accurate, you observe."

"Abdallah, the maker of shawls, is—"

"No he isn't. He was an ardent teacher of the rules the prophet gave for the faithful, but he was the worst practicer I ever had any knowledge of. The strong waters of the Gisour ruined his prospects. He preached abstinence from wine, but he constantly partook of the forbidden drink. He loved wine, and immediately proceeded to deceive himself into the belief that he had dyspepsia and had to take it. Hearing once that strong liquor was an antidote for the bite of a serpent, he absolutely moved into a province where serpents abounded. He talked loudly against gluttony, but excused himself for eating five courses by holding that he needed it to keep himself up. He succeeded in deceiving himself, but he couldn't deceive us."

"Kahkani, the poet, whose songs were all in praise of virtue, is here? The fervent goodness that produced such morality must be safe?"

"Quite wrong, my dear sir. Kahkani's poems were beautiful; but bless you, he never felt the sentiments expressed in them. He had an itching for fame, and writing spiritual hymns happened to be his best hold. If he could have written comic songs better than hymns he would have written comic songs."

"Who have you here, pray?"

"Saadi, the camel-shoer, is here."

"Saadi! Why, he was constantly violating the law of the prophet."

"True, he would even curse the camels he was shoeing. But he was always sorry for it, and he would mourn over the infirmities of his temper, and strove honestly and zealously all the time to live better and be better. He did not make a great success, but he did the best he could. He gave liberally of his substance, without blatting it all over Ispahan. When he gave a dirhem he didn't pay the newspapers two dirhems to make the fact public, which is my definition of genuine charity. Then there's Firdosi, the carpet-cleaner—"

"He never gave anything."

"Certainly not, for he had nothing to give. The Prophet never asked impossibilities. He would have given if he had had it, and he tried hard to get it. Then there's Jelal ed din—"

"He couldn't make a prayer."

"True, but he said 'Amen' to those who could, and he meant it, which was more than half those who made the prayers could say."

"And Wassaf, the teacher—where is he? A more pure and blameless life no man ever led!"

"He is here, but occupies a very low place."

"A low place?"

"Verily. Wassaf did not sin, it is true, but it was no credit to him that he did not. A more egregiously deceived man never lived or died. He obeyed the laws of the Prophet because he could not do otherwise—thus crediting himself with what he could not avoid. He could not be a glutton, for his stomach was weak—he could not partake of the strong waters of the Frank, because his brain would not endure it—he was virtuous because he was too cold-blooded—too thin blooded to have any passion. He had not moral force enough to commit a decent sin, and this inability to be wicked he fancied was righteousness. He was a moral oyster. He, an iceberg, plumed himself upon being cold. Now Saadi Agha, the flute-player, who was at times a glutton and a wine-bibber, and all the rest of it, is several benches higher than Wassaf. For Saadi's blood boiled like a cauldron—he was robust, he had the appetite of the rhinoceros of the Nile, and a physical nature that was constantly pushing him to the commission of sin; but Agha feeling, knowing that it was wrong, fought against it manfully. He fell frequently, for the evil one knew his weak moments, but he rose and fought against himself, and managed to come out victor, at least half the time. There was no more merit in Wassaf's virtue than there is in an iceberg's being cold. But for a burning volcano like Agha to keep himself down to an even temperature, that was great.

"My friend, it is not worth while to enumerate, but—well, you will know more when you get inside, if you do get inside. You have seen the sky-rockets of Jami. They ascend with much fizz and make a beautiful show, but alas! before they reach the skies they explode and disappear in a sheet of flame. Precisely so with many men. They soar aloft on their professions, but they too (to use a vulgarism) bust before they attain Paradise, and go down in a sheet of flame.

"The true believer, who practices what he believes, is an arrow. Pointed with belief—feathered with works, death shoots him off, he pierces the clouds and lands on the right side of the river."

"At this point," continued Abou, "I awoke. My ideas of the future I got largely from that vision. My opinion is that in New Jersey, as in Persia, there are a great many people deceiving themselves. Go thy way. Be virtuous and be happy. I would rest me."—*Locke's National Monthly.*

The Composer Schumann.

Schumann is ranked, by the best musical writers, as the founder of the romantic school of music, as distinguished from the classical, i. e., that which aims at the victory of the pure poetic impulse over musical formalism.

The world knows him best through the "Carnival," the "Songs," "Faust," "Manfred," and the great "Symphony in C." Had he never written anything but the "Carnival," he would have been known as one of the greatest of pianoforte writers. His "Symphony in C" alone would have stamped him as a great master of orchestral composition. Yet, in spite of these claims to greatness, the deepest recognition of Schumann's genius will probably, in the future, rest on his songs. His creative impulse was not essentially dramatic, but lyrical, like that of his still more gifted model and predecessor, Franz Schubert. The latter is known as the musical exponent of Goethe; the former has illustrated the lyrics of Heine, "the spoiled favorite of the Graces," "the hero and victim of modern thought and misery," "the knight with the laughing tear in his escutcheon," with a musical setting that, like the poetry itself, reflects the brightest rays and the darkest shades of human passion.

The spark of what the Germans call "Weltschmerz," or the spirit of deep despondency and fierce despair, which characterized the creative thought of the earlier part of the present century, was in Schumann something more than the expression of the spirit of his age. Both Goethe and Schiller passed through a "Sturm und Drang" period to emerge into a serene and mellow ripeness of power. Heine, in poetry, and Schumann in music, never passed beyond the fatal barrier. In the latter, indeed, the tendency was—a deep constitutional taint, painfully illustrating the saying of Dryden, "Great wit to madness nearly is allied." Some of his music has never been equalled for depth of pathos and self-torturing despair. On the other hand there were times when the reaction carried him into the loftiest heights of joy.

"The setting of the Epilogue in Heaven of Goethe's 'Faust,' displays the rest after life's battle, of which the longing soul dreams in its purest aspirations, and ranks with its deep chiaro-oscuro of mystical ecstasy among the highest efforts which our art has ever been capable of."

From his earliest years Schumann was the victim of shyness, self-distrust and absent-mindedness. It is said that he would frequently enter a drawing-room, smile placidly on those present, strike a few chords on the piano, and then make his exit without saying a word. This feeling deepened, as the years passed, into a morbid melancholy, in spite of the fact that Heaven gave him, in the gifted Clara Wieck, the most adoring and sympathetic of partners, who became in after-years his most brilliant interpreter; for the name of Clara Schumann ranks with those of the world's greatest pianists. But his doom could not be warded off by his faithful companion. As early as 1833 his friends were frightened at his state of feelings, and he himself looked forward with horror to insanity as the inevitable end. His diary speaks of "the dreadful night of the 17th of October," when he had something like an attack of actual madness. After this he never could be persuaded to sleep in the upper part of a house, from the fear that, in some attack of aberration, he should fling himself from the window. The terrible fate, destined to quench the flame of Schumann's genius, advanced with slow but sure steps. On the 20th of July, 1856, he died in the mad-house at Endenich, near Bonn, in the cemetery of which he now lies buried.

A Trait of Tennyson.

One peculiar trait in the character of the poet laureate is his unusual shrinking from active life and public view. The world knows little of his life—it knows him by his poems. It has evidently been Mr. Tennyson's desire to escape observation, and he succeeds in doing so very thoroughly. Few strangers gain access to him, and consequently many ill-natured stories have been circulated at his expense. One anecdote, however, not particularly ill-natured, will bear repeating. A well-known prince of the house of Brunswick, familiar with Mr. Tennyson's shrinking habits, yet naturally anxious to pay his respects to the poet, in the neighborhood of whose home in the Isle of Wight he found himself, made a call unaccompanied and strictly incognito. A page came to the door, "Who shall I say?" "The Prince of Wales," was the reply. Whereupon the page playfully observed, "Ha! yes; prince of Wales. We know a trick worth two of that!" and slammed the poet's door in his royal highness's face.

THE GRAND-DUKE ALEXIS'S BOOK.

The St. Petersburg correspondent of the Baltic Gazette furnishes an interesting synopsis of the second and third volumes of the book written by or for the Grand-Duke Alexis of Russia, on his recent voyage around the world.

The second volume of this superb book, perhaps the most magnificent that was ever issued from the Russian press, opens with a general criticism of American institutions and popular manners. It is refreshing to hear what an imperial prince has to say about the former. He believes that the soil of America naturally was destined for republican institutions. "There is an astonishing self-reliance about Americans," he writes, not without genuine enthusiasm, "and this, to the most casual observer, together with their wonderful, unparalleled information of the general principles of government, accounts for their fitness for republican institutions. The smallest schoolboy in the United States knows the names of the eminent Presidents of his country. No one can convince anybody that General Washington was not the noblest man ever placed at the head of any nation. Of their war with Mexico they are very proud, as well they may be, according to my opinion; for they routed large Mexican armies, well armed and intrepidly commanded, with mere handfuls of soldiers. I was reluctant to converse much on the recent civil war, as I still found considerable feeling on either side; and I principally conversed with some intimate military friends on the great events in which they bore conspicuous parts. Nothing could be more touching and thrilling than the modest accounts which these true heroes gave of exploits which the ancients would have immortalized in tablets of bronze. * * * The infantry of America seems to suffer from some of the defects of the French—too much elan and too much independence of the privates—still, very admirable material. But I did not know why they were uniformed in so unattractive a manner. Some of the militia regiments in New York, and even in the West, look prouder and nicer than the regular troops of the line. The artillery is well armed, although some of the guns I saw seemed to have just issued from a protracted campaign. The cavalry is splendidly mounted, and, from what I saw consists mostly of capital fellows."

* * * * *

The courts of the United States, it seems to the Grand-Duke Alexis, lack the solemnity which surrounds those of Great Britain and other European countries. "This," he writes, "is the more singular, as the people take the utmost interest in judicial proceedings, both criminal and civil. At first blush, it almost might seem as though nearly all the intelligent men in the country were lawyers, so well are they informed concerning the rudiments of the laws. Besides, they are born orators; their fluency of speech has oftentimes excited my utmost surprise."

ANECDOTE OF GARRICK.

Garrick was in the habit of employing a whimsical fellow whose name was Stone, to procure supernumeraries. The following correspondence passed between them:—

"Thursday, noon.

"SIR—Mr. Lacy turned me out of the lobby yesterday, and behaved very ill to me. I only axed for my two guineas for the last Bishop, and he swore I shouldn't have a farthing. I can't live upon air. I have a few Cupids you may have cheap, as they belong to a poor journeyman shoemaker, who I drink with now and then.

"Your humble servant,

"WM. STONE."

"Friday, morn.

"STONE—You are the best fellow in the world. Bring the Cupids to the theatre to-morrow. If they are under six, and well made, you shall have a guinea apiece for them. If you can get me two good murderers, I will pay you handsomely, particularly the spouting fellow who keeps the apple-stand on Tower-hill; the cut in his face is quite the thing. Pick me up an alderman or two, for Richard, if you can; and I have no objection to treat with you for a comely Mayor. The barber will not do for Brutus, although I think he will succeed in Mat.

"D. G."

The person here designated the Bishop was procured by Stone, and had often rehearsed the Bishop of Winchester in the play of Henry VIII., with such singular ecstasy that Garrick addressed him at the rehearsal as "Count of Winchester." The fellow, however, never played the part, although advertised more than once to come out in it. The reason will soon be guessed from the two following letters that passed between Garrick and Stone on the very evening the Prelate was to make his debut:

"SIR—The Bishop of Winchester is getting drunk at the Bear, and swears he won't play to-night. I am, yours,

"WM. STONE."

"STONE—The Bishop may go to the devil. I do not know a greater rascal, except yourself.

D. G."

The Yankee's Main Point.

The other day, in a railroad car, I sat next to a little long-nosed man in red whiskers. Opposite sat a middle-aged lady in black. The little man stared at her very hard, fidgeted a good deal, and opened a conversation:

"In mourning, ma'am, I see." "Eh? Yes," (spoken rather sharply.) "Bad thing, that. One of the people, perhaps?" "No." "One of the young ones? Your baby? ah." "I have no babies." "Of course not. The Gov'nor, husband, you know?" "Yes." "Sudden, perhaps?" "No." "Ah, lingering illness. In trade, was he?" "He was a sailor." "Caught a fever, perhaps?" "He was drowned." "Save his chist?" "My husband's effects were not lost." "Suppose you are glad the chist wasn't lost?" "Yes." After a pause: "I suppose you'll be getting married again, soon?" The lady made no reply to this, but got out at the next station. The little long-nosed man looked around for another victim. At last he picked on me. "Got a hat-band on, I see." "Yes, I got it on because my hat is shabby." "Would you feel inclined to swap your umbrella for my walking-stick?"

I felt that the time had come for decisive action. I struck the miscreant dead at my feet, and I stepped out upon the platform. I believe he is buried now. I have heard no more of him since.

☞ The opinions of men who think are always growing and changing, like living children. * * There is a vast critical movement in our age, the general object of which may be defined as the emancipation of the living intellect from the tyranny of the dead. * * One of the most melancholy things in the world is the enormous power for evil of the dead over the living. There is hardly a great painter or writer, or a man who had achieved greatness in any direction, whose name has not been used to repress rising genius.—*Hamerton.*

WHAT WAS IT?

We looked into each other's eyes—
You and I—and that was all;
Yet, by great Jove! though man denies
That bliss is e'er without a pall,

I swear I felt then through and through
Such keen delight—such tender joy—
Such call to rouse the good and true,
To cleanse the soul from sins that cloy.

It seemed as though that moment's thrill
Had waked to life all heaven in me.
What was it which I lacked until
I looked and caught that beam from thee?

JEAN STAR.

RECKONING-DAY.

BY ZINA FAY PEIRCE.

One evening, early in the panic of last autumn, as I returned from down town utterly worn out with my work and with the anxieties and terrors of the times, I was aroused to instant animation by finding on my table a card on which was engraved:

MRS. CREDIT,

AT HOME

On Tuesday evenings, beginning Oct. 14th.

1,208 MADISON AVENUE.

"October 14th?" said I to myself. "Then the first reception is this very evening, and I must go. Mrs. Credit's attentions are to be caught at, even if I am almost too tired to move." So, after dining and taking the postprandial nap necessary to the New York business-man who would spend his evenings in society, I proceeded to array myself for the occasion.

Mrs. Credit was a widow lady who had made her advent in New York from abroad, several seasons back, and had gradually been growing in popularity and fashion, until now she was the rage. Her money, if rumor were to be believed, was as unlimited as that of the Rothschilds themselves. In mourning at first, she had lived very quietly, though luxuriously, amusing herself, apparently, by her daring speculations, and by her immense and varied benefactions. All popular enterprises for adding to the wealth of the suborn many in the future, and of the select few in the present, found in her a liberal supporter whose checks were always drawn on London or Continental banks, and were always honored. She was a large stock-owner, for example, in the "Julia" mine—in the "Great Sub fluvial," which Mr. DeForest's congressman, "Honest John Vane," so stoutly supported—and also in that shantlecock of the market, the "Ontario Railroad." Nor was she less benevolent than public-spirited. Besides munificent subscriptions to all the recognized charities, she opened an art-gallery, for the poor, of "chromos" old and new; she gave a fountain to Jones's Wood; she founded a hospital for boot-blacks; she endowed a "home" for aged and infirm organ-grinders; she put in the hands of trustees a fine country-seat on the Hudson for the use of superannuated beaux and belles; she advanced money to no end of unpromising young men who wanted to establish themselves in business; she presented the trousseaux of over so many of their extravagant brides, and even furnished snug little houses for the happy couples; nor was any tale of distress heard by her unheeded, so that beggars haunted her back-doors, not singly, nor in pairs, but in queues, all day long. In short, no project of women and clergymen for relieving pauperism, while really increasing it, left her presence disappointed of her sympathy or a contribution. And now, since a year or two, she had laid aside her mourning, and blazed out in all the splendor and prestige which her unlimited resources allowed her; and these, together with her princely generosity, made her the praise of every tongue, and the centre of all that was desirable and fascinating in the great city. The belle who did not belong to the "Cleopatra-Galley Club," that rendezvoused at Newport, and of which Mrs. Credit was the originator and president, made no pretence, even, to be considered "in society."

I had never yet received any notice from Mrs. Credit, and, conscious of the narrow means and obscure position of a young man just getting into business, I had never aspired to it. When, therefore, her card reached me, through what influence I knew not, I was equally flattered and pleased; and I made my toilet for my first appearance before her, and spent though I was, with unusual care. In some of my sex a dress-coat fairly works a transformation, and this I was aware that my "swallow-tail," with all its immaculate accompaniments, and its button-hole rose-bud, did for me. Such was the leaden lassitude upon me, however, that even after I was ready, had not my cab been waiting for some time at the door, I think I should have given up going.

It may strike the reader that it was rather early in the season for evening receptions to begin in the great metropolis of fashion; but, then, Mrs. Credit was not obliged to come up to town and spend a month in getting dresses made and her house arranged for the winter. All her clothing came from Paris, and she left a perfectly appointed establishment in Newport in the morning, and in the evening dined in one as perfectly appointed on a thrice larger scale in New York. Why should she wait a month before she indulged herself in the pleasure of receiving the five hundred of her one or two thousand friends who might also have come up easily to town? At any rate, Mrs. Credit was able to be a law unto herself, and she was so.

As I entered the stately mansion at about ten o'clock, it was all a sheen of light and gayety. In the drawing-room Mrs. Credit was receiving, and many guests were promenading through the halls. In the ball-room belles and beaux were dancing, and at opposite ends of the spacious apartment devote to games and conversation, that opened out of it, a dozen rubbers of whist and a tad of skill at billiards were going on simultaneously. Would-be lovers were sitting on the stairs, or straying through the conservatories, and the supper-room was now a third—now three-quarters—filled with guests, who came in and sat down at the little tables in parties of two or more, and, without crowd or heat, partook of the delicacies provided for them in gladness of heart and thorough appreciation. The brary and lovely music-room were far secoded from the dancers, and in the former a mingled company was silently reading the journals and magazines that strewed the centre-table, or were talking in low tones over the portfolios of magnificent photographs and engravings that stood in the corners; while in the latter some of the leading amateurs and professionals of the city were entertaining their friends and each other with an impromptu concert intermingled with musical gossip. All was ease and social warmth, for it was Mrs. Credit's expressed wish that, for the me being, her invited guests should be acquaintances without the necessity of an introduction.

Astonished at the realization of one of my own impossible dreams, I forgot my fatigue in gazing about me with delight, and cried to myself: "Mrs. Credit is indeed a benefactress! Why, this—barring the full dress and white gloves—is for one evening nothing less than what I have fancied a permanent club for both sexes might be." And I began expressing my enthusiasm to a friend who, like myself, was a looker-on at a game of billiards.

"Well, yes," said he, "it is all very fine, but the whole pleasure of the entertainment is marred for me by the ubiquitous presence of Mrs. Credit's infernal major-domo. He follows me round, and stares at me as if he thought I was going to steal something." And, so saying, he indicated a very dark personage, dressed in a black frock-coat, with a black cravat and black gloves, who was looking fixedly at us from the other side of the room.

"That is singular," said I, "for I, too, have thought that the same individual was dogging me about; only I have been puzzling as to whether his expression was one of warning or of sarcasm."

"Curse him!" said my friend; "I feel as though I could strangle him! But I'm going to have a waltz to the lovely music out there," pointing through the Moorish arches to the ball-room, "and, if he still haunts me, I'll either leave the house or plunge into a conservatory flirtation with my partner."

I happened to know that my friend was so heavily weighted with fancy stocks that the waves of the financial panic were threatening daily to swamp him. So I did not wonder that his nerves were somewhat set on edge, and in some curiosity I remained behind to see if the dark personage followed him. To my surprise, he seemed to stay and mount guard over me; but, as I was neither nervous nor weighted with fancy stocks, I did not mind that there should be one blot on so bright a scene, and was soon sauntering on in my tour through the apartments.

Having completed it, I again descended to the drawing-rooms, for my first glimpse of Mrs. Credit had completely fascinated me, even aside from the fact that the presiding genius of the splendid establishment thus thrown open like the day for the happiness of her friends was naturally the most interesting thing in it. As I was crossing the hall, however, I glanced mechanically up the staircase, and beheld Mrs. Credit's major-domo descending likewise, and evidently keeping me in view. For the moment I was annoyed and half-minded to demand an explanation, but no sooner had I entered my hostess's radiant presence than I forgot all about him. She was moving among her guests with wondrous grace and ease, and, with smiles and cordial greetings, was making everybody feel appreciated and at home. Her dress, as a lady has since told me, was of pink satin and white lace, with slippers to correspond, and she seemed to have on rivulets of diamonds. I could not tell her years, for her beauty—and she was beautiful exceedingly—had the rose-leaf, touch-me-not character of first youth, while expressions of all ages and experiences chased themselves across it. Such a shining creature as she was, therefore, perhaps it was not wonderful that her general effect was bewildering; but, really, to get a steady look at her face was like trying to see a water-fall behind the trees. In a strange manner it shifted continually between earnestness and elfishness, and she seemed to know by instinct if you were studying her, for by a sudden turn of her head, a flutter of her fan, or an upward movement of her hand, she would baffle you completely. Her warmest admirers stoutly maintained that this intangibility was an especial charm, giving one a fearful joy in one's intercourse with her, as if one were grasping something evanescent which might presently fade from one's hold; and as I watched her I felt the fevering influence enter into me. Wherever she went she was followed by a train of men distinguished for fortune, or position, or gifts; and no matter to whom they owed allegiance, whether to wife, mother, or maid, while within her magic circle, devotion to Mrs. Credit took precedence of everything else.

So immensely sought after and influential as this wondrous lady was, I made no attempt to attract her notice, but neither could I tear myself away from her vicinity, and consequently I overheard a good deal of her conversation. It displayed that inability or that unwillingness to go below the surface of anything which so characterizes rich women, but it was sparkling and wide-glancing, as from having roved through many fields of culture, and gathered blossoms from all. She would never be pinned down, however, and I could see that she almost drove a well-known reformer, who was rather forcing his views upon her, to despair. He was trying to interest her in the Co-operative Stores of England, of which, he said, there are now about a thousand in successful operation; and he endeavored to explain what a boon it would be to the struggling classes of New York city if Mrs. Credit and other women of means and position should open and conduct one of these stores for the benefit of their poorer sisters.

"The mission of the modern housekeeper of the well-to-do-classes," said he, "is, to sweep away the modern middleman by taking possession of the function of retail distribution, and saving to the community the twelve per cent. it now pays out of retail profit. Only one such store successfully organized by women, and thousands would follow all over the country, while the final result of the movement would be that pauperism would be prevented, and, of course, disappear.

But Mrs. Credit shook her small head, disapprovingly, and believed in no such Utopian vision. She thought it was better to "give to him that asketh thee," with the saints of all ages, than to adopt these selfish modern theories of "making the poor help themselves."* As for preventing pauperism, we were told long ago that "the poor ye have always with you;" so, if it did not exist in one form, it would in another. Why not do the good that comes to us instead of running to seek it in such an unknown land (to New York ladies) as a Co-operative Store?

Against these stock Scripture phrases the reformer might have quoted the thirty-fifth chapter of Isaiah with damaging effect, but he did not, and a gentleman standing near me whispered with a chuckle: "Rather cool to ask a Mrs. Credit to open a Co-operative Store, since the very basis of the system is cash."

Whether Mrs. Credit heard the whisper or the chuckle, I know not, but I fancied that she turned slightly pale. Meantime I had been trying to decipher the riddle of her face, and I decided that it partly lay in an apprehension of something that she ever felt to be impending over her. Her mind was not at ease, and her subtle eyes, that seldom looked straight into yours, but were so dangerously sweet, would glance over and beyond all this admiration, and splendor, and seeming security, into the mirrored vistas of her apartments, as if something lurked in their depths that threatened her. Once, following her eye, I saw a distant reflection of her dark and silent major-domo. The reflection stood still for a moment, facing us, then passed along, as if going toward an opposite quarter of the house. As it disappeared, I looked back at Mrs. Credit, and her delicate face, which had contracted a little, lifted and brightened, as if relieved from a menace or a fear.

It was now growing late, and the tardiest comer had paid his respects. Our hostess and all her train had been into the supper-room, where she had daintily sipped a cup of bouillon as her only refreshment; and she was now in the ball-room, looking on, but not joining the waltzers. My fatigue had developed into a terrific headache, but I was too completely carried away by Mrs. Credit to pay much attention to it, and I would not have curtailed by an hour the intoxication of her presence for the world. The festivity of the occasion was at the height that always precedes the home-going, and, all over the great house, guests were talking, laughing, dancing, playing, eating or drinking. The card-room was raised by two or three broad steps above the ball room, and was separated from it by low Moorish arches. On these steps the musicians were seated, and as Mrs. Credit was passing from one apartment to the other, she turned for a moment to speak to a young violin-player, in whose fortunes she had been taking an interest. Thus she was standing at the very top of the ball-room, and framed by one of the gilded arches as in a picture; her robe lay in rich folds about her feet, and flowed along the steps; and I was just thinking that her pose, as she lingered there, was the climax of the whole evening—when suddenly a sharp pain darted knife-like through my temples, and my senses were enveloped in a golden haze, with everything singing and tingling about me.

How long this lasted, I know not; but I was recalled to myself and my surroundings by hearing the liveried footman at the entrance of the ball-room announce, in a tone that seemed to ring through every brain:

"MR. DEBIT, THE HUSBAND OF MRS. CREDIT!"

A shriek went up under the Moorish arches that penetrated the entire mansion from garret to cellar, and instantly I heard the trampling of many feet from every part of the house, all rushing to see what could be the matter. Within the ball-room all eyes were turned toward the door, and lo! the gloomy figure of Mrs. Credit's major-domo was seen advancing to the dais where she stood. As he drew near, a look of agonized terror passed over the fascinating face, then one of helpless despair, and lastly a smile of strange irony as she closed her eyes, and, not fainted—but failed absolutely away—disappeared—while her diamonds rolled into each other and ran down into a little pool of water on the floor.

As our idol vanished from our straining gaze, a deep groan burst from our lips and from our hearts; and then, amid the crowd of blanched faces in their gala-dress, was the most horrible dead silence that I ever listened to. But the harsh voice of Mr. Debit soon broke the spell. "Do not think, my friends," said he, "that I am come to dispel your gladness. In the absence of my beloved wife, Mrs. Credit, I am the master of this house, and I am as anxious for the happiness of society as she could possibly be. Soon you shall go on with your enjoyment, for the only effect of my presence will be simply that everything that is not paid for, whether in the house or on our persons, will vanish. All that we possess will still be ours to make merry with, and how much better we shall all feel to know exactly how we stand, and not any longer to be under the painful necessity of keeping up an appearance which we know to be a sham! Agreeing with my beloved and honored wife in every other particular, I only differed from her in this: that, in our enterprises and enjoyments, it was safest and most comfortable never to go beyond the means in hand, and, in the day of spending, always to remember the day of reckoning. With this brief explanation, let me beg you, my dear and welcome friends, after a short interval, to proceed with the social pleasures of the evening as though nothing had happened."

Immediately our ears were assailed by such a thumping, knocking, tearing, and splitting, as made many persons scream in terror lest the house was about to tumble about our ears. "The rent of the house I have paid for," roared Mr. Debit, above the confusion, a satanic delight in his work illuminating his leaden countenance; "so, if you will stand close to the walls, you will be safe." And, in fact, it was not the house, but the furniture! All things in that great establishment were rushing, crowding, and hustling toward the entrances and exits, as if ten thousand spirits possessed them to be out and away to their rightful owners. Carpets ripped themselves up and blocked the doorways; curtains stripped themselves down and flew out of the windows; while sideboards and book-cases, pianos and tables, bureaus and beds, chairs and sofas, in a wild medley, lunged at the window-frames, smashed in the panes, and even battered holes in their casings, until they had effected an egress. Pots and pans, pitchers and basins, books, glass and china, whirled out of the doors or up the chimneys in company with bronzes, vases, marble statues, and pictures, until, from centre to circumference, the walls and floors of the wide mansion were as bare and dismantled as though nothing had ever been put into them.

"To think," cried many women who had envied the splendid Mrs. Credit, "that in all these six or eight years nothing in this house has been paid for—that she has been a complete cheat from beginning to end! How could we have allowed ourselves to receive such an adventuress among us?"

"Softly, softly, fair ladies," said Mr. Debit; "do not say harsh things of my beloved and honored wife after all she has done for you. Pray, are all your things paid for?"—and before the words were fairly out of his mouth began another splitting and tearing, gentler than the first, but accompanied by "Oh!" and "Ah!" in bass and treble, by shrieks of dismay and shouts of laughter, and by frantic boltings and scurryings from sight into the dressing-rooms. Horrors! What was happening to us? Were our very clothes that were not paid for leaving us? Yes, and but too surely. Boots and slippers tore themselves off, and scampered out of the house, leaving sometimes socks full of holes behind them; or, worse yet, dusty feet, which their owners would fain have called on their trousers to hide. A perfect storm of white gloves swept through the air, some of them carrying with them, alas! beautiful solitaire diamonds, which had wrenched themselves off of white fingers, whose owners had fondly deemed them placed there forever. Buttons and hooks-and-eyes burst off, side-seams gave way, and ladies who had been radiant in rainbow silks or bewildering in cloudy gauze, suddenly stood blushing in corset and crinoline. In some cases merely the overskirt or the trimmings went, and then again only the work of the poor, unpaid seamstress would vanish, and leave the dress about the lady's feet in pieces. Perhaps the cruelest thing I noticed was an exquisite lace shawl that rent itself in two, and left one of its halves pinned to a lady's shoulder, while the other whisked off up the chimney. A coiffure of golden puffs and curls that I had particularly admired above a pretty face, disappeared bodily, and left only a straw-colored wisp twisted tightly up with a hair-pin. Indeed, much real hair was torn out by the "switches" and curls that tugged at combs and hair-pins, so that they could get away and be gone. Carved combs and fans, ear-rings and bracelets, lockets and necklaces—many were the luckless fair ones who suddenly found themselves bereft of one or the other of these auxiliaries to their beauty, and ingenuous youths not a few became sadly aware that the seal-ring, the watch-chain, the studs or the charms, that they had been wearing with such secret satisfaction, were no longer visible to the naked eye. I saw the butterfly wife of a Wall street broker put up her hand convulsively to clutch a jeweled necklace that she had just been displaying to an envious friend as her husband's last gift, but, to the delight of the envious friend, it slid like an eel through her fingers. I pitied a modest school-mistress, whose burning blushes showed that she knew, without feeling, that the string of Roman pearls which had encircled her round throat, and for which she had run in debt a dollar and a half the day before, was gone. And how devoutly I hoped that they, and also my new sleeve-buttons, would be found to-morrow at the places where we had purchased them, and that we shouldn't both lose them and have to pay for them!

All this woful transformation of Mrs. Credit's guests took but a moment, and after rushing pell-mell for our respective dressing-rooms, we could not, amid all our mortification and dismay, help screaming with laughter over the revelations we had just witnessed, as well as at our mutual plight. The greatest swell in society had lost his entire outer suit from top to toe, but he had thereby displayed an under one of blue knitted silk, with socks to match, which he said would be a consolation to him to the end of his life. Another, who bolted in "laughing consumedly," was suddenly sobered by seeing his own—or, rather, his dentist's—teeth grinning back from the air on their own account. Of course, many gentlemen buttoned up their coats and took their hats and their departure in conscious virtue; but many, too, were minus one garment, and many another. One poor fellow, who had been paying for his evening clothes by instalments, retained them all but the left half of his swallow-tailed coat. Our overcoats and hats were lying about upon the bare floor, and not a few of us could not find wherewithal to cover ourselves before leaving the house. There was no use trying to lend each other anything—the article would twitch itself out of the borrower's hand and return to its owner, so that there was nothing for it but to set out for our respective dwellings, all coatless, bootless and trouserless, as some of us were. I myself had to walk hatless home. And why, dear reader? Because I had not had the money to pay for my hat when I bought it? No; but because, like most of my sex, I always feel that I am impoverishing myself if I pay cash for my purchases. The true economy is to charge them, and pay for them by a check when the bills are sent in. For—don't you see?—one has the use of the money all that much time the longer!

At last, we all sallied forth into the morning chill of the streets, and happy were the guests whose carriage, horses, and coachman, were all four awaiting them! Establishments consisting of a carriage and harness, but with neither horses nor coachman—of a carriage and one horse, but no harness—of horses, and a coachman standing on the ground holding the reins, but no carriage—were some of the combinations that met the eye, and many a distressed damsel and delicate lady saw I set out to trudge home on foot—some of them in stocking-feet, for their little boots had fled to the shoemaker, perhaps even to the manufacturer, to find an owner.

But all this was only the beginning. Worse, far worse, was at hand. Not only for Mrs. Credit's fashionable acquaintance had the day of reckoning arrived—for no sooner were we all out of her great mansion than from its portals issued forth a sinister band of trumpeters in black uniforms, who went up and down through the streets, shouting in stentorian tones: "Mr. Debit has come!"—"Mr. Debit has come!" and at once the force of gravitation was annihilated, and pandemonium itself seemed let loose. Furniture poured out of doors and windows, stone and bricks and boards separated, roofs rose, and, all mounting in the air, sailed off in countless directions, while families, who a moment before had been taking their morning naps in comfortable beds, found themselves shivering and choking with plaster-dust in the cellar. I rushed to my own boarding-place. Luckily, it had been wholly paid for years ago by the little widow who was my landlady, and most of her furniture was inherited. Her last grocer's and butcher's bills were not settled, however, so everything eatable in her larder had disappeared, and all her boarders had to go breakfastless to their business—but not before making up a cash contribution that should insure their dinners in the afternoon, even to the price of fuel to cook it, for all the coal in her bins had vanished likewise.

I did not attempt to go to my office, but wandered, like thousands of others, half demented, through the streets; and to describe what I witnessed on that dreadful day would require the pen of a Defoe. Peeping into the large dry goods establishments, for example, I saw the clerks, pale, bewildered, exhausted, trying in vain to arrange the avalanche of clothing that had plunged upon them. Goods made up, half made, unmade, or worn out—it made no difference. If they had not been paid for, in they came and piled themselves up to the ceilings, knocking against, in their entrance, and sometimes battling furiously for right of way with the bales and boxes of imported goods that were determined to get out and return somehow to their owners across the ocean. And so it was, more or less, with every other kind of store, wholesale or retail. Everywhere the streets were full of wide gaps, made by houses whose materials had dispersed to pile themselves in brick-yards and lumber-yards. Many a church looked one-third or three-fourths in ruins, and whole blocks were left without roofs or upper stories. Whatever proportion was paid for was left and nothing over. In the markets the stalls were half empty; but it was just as well, for only half the usual number of customers were there. If any one owed a debt, all his money vanished from pocket-book and bank, and not a dollar but what was really his remained wherewith to purchase anything. The only class that seemed unaffected by this summary going into liquidation were the hand-to-mouth people on day's wages or small salaries. They, poor devils, never having been able to obtain credit, were comparatively untouched in their penury by the storm of ruin going on about them. But otherwise it was mostly a breakfastless, dinnerless—a wild and desperate New York that I saw between that sun's rise and its setting. Men stared each other in the face, utterly paralyzed by the immensity of their misfortune. What to do—what to think—which way to turn! It was like an earthquake; or, far worse, a cyclone. They all felt as though they should go mad, and many of them did so. Cries and hysterics from the very strongest were common, and many a woman quietly laid herself down and died. I felt, myself, as if I were part of an infernal kaleidoscope. Everything was chaotic, jarring, stifling—a weltering nightmare!

At last, I know not how, I found myself in my room, and looking for some paper whereon to write, to my partner in a distant city, an account of the strange occurrences of this harrowing day, and its probable consequences to us; but I could not find any. Suddenly I remembered that I had not paid my stationer's last bill, and somehow this struck me as a fearful misfortune—as the drop too much which I could not stand. My very life seemed to depend on my getting that paper, and I rushed from my room and began ransacking, for what I wanted, everything that came in my way, I soon found, in a fellow-lodger's desk, a quire of "commercial note," and was about to seize it in triumph. But no; it was not mine, and it eluded my frantic grasp. In agony I tried once and again to clutch it, but in vain—and after that I remember nothing more.

When I came to myself I was lying in a darkened room, and I felt strangely weak. I saw that my brother was sitting with me, and I asked for more light. He opened the shutters, and I perceived that my hand looked comparatively white and thin.

"What has been the matter with me?" I asked.

"You were taken ill at Mrs. Credit's reception, and have had a fortnight's run of typhoid fever."

"Poor Mrs. Credit," said I. "She was so beautiful and so fascinating. It is a pity that that horrible husband of hers should have come and made her vanish when she made everybody so happy."

"What are you talking about, my dear brother? You cannot yet separate your delirious imaginings from reality. Nothing has happened to Mrs. Credit that I know of, except that some of her family have died out West, and she has gone into a three months' mourning."

"And does she really live just the same in that splendid house in Madison avenue?"

"Of course she does; and she expects you to come and see her just as soon as you get well. What would New York be without Mrs. Credit?"—*Appleton's Journal.*

The Monetary View of the Centennial.

Mr. Hawley, the President of the United States Centennial Commission, in his recent letter presented some facts in relation to the monetary aspects of the Centennial Celebration which are worthy of attention. In the first place he showed that Philadelphia and Pennsylvania, after asking Congress to locate the movement in this city, did not shirk the monetary responsibility necessarily associated and connected with the event. He remarks upon this point: "The city of Philadelphia gave $75 000 for the preliminary expenses of the Commission; the city has appropriated $500,000, and the State $1,000 000 for the erection of a memorial building, to be entirely at the service of the Exhibition, but to be a permanent structure, serving as an historical and art gallery. The subscriptions by individuals and corporations in Pennsylvania amount to $1 500 000, devoted to the general purposes of the Commission." It can thus be seen that this city and State, so far in the movement, have made up $3 075 000 for the purposes of the grand, patriotic Celebration of 1876. Such an exhibit proves that the people of Pennsylvania are truly in earnest in the matter, and, having put their own shoulders to the wheel, can without hesitation ask others to do likewise.

In relation to the cost of the celebration and the returns of the exposition, it is estimated by Mr. Hawley that the former will be about $7,000 000 He puts down eight millions of dollars as the furthermost limits of the expense, and continues: "With tolerable success in 1876, our receipts at the gate and from rents and concessions of various kinds, ought to be $2,-500 000. This is the lowest estimate. This, with $1 500,000 already secured, makes $4 000 000 Should Congress give us $3 000 000, making in all $7,000 000, our wisest advisers, business men of wealth and great experience, are absolutely confident that the American people will rally with enthusiasm to the enterprise, and subscribe to the stock whatever may be needed in addition. The experience of other exhibitions leads us to feel sure that we can sell the buildings at the end for at least one-fifth of what they cost us, or say $1 000 000."

With such a monetary showing as this, the friends of the Centennial celebration need not feel discouraged even from this outlook upon the movement. But the "will-it-pay" principle should not cover such a movement as that to mark and commemorate the one hundredth birthday of this Republic. It should be put upon high national grounds, and the whole force, wealth and power of the nation employed to make it such a success as will reflect credit upon the model country of the world.—*New Age.*

New Haven Customs.

In New Haven two students ventured to call upon two sisters with whom they had a slight acquaintance. They were invited to the sitting-room, where a beautiful domestic scene presented itself. The mother was reading aloud an useful historical work, and her two daughters were industriously sewing while listening. The youths were seated, when the reading began again, and was continued without any signs of interruption. In vain did the love-struck students seek to catch the eyes of their adored; in vain were all their manifestations of impatience. The monotonous reading flowed on for two hours or more, when the disappointed and disgusted visitors made a burst for the door.

☞ The farmer should sow his P's, keep his U's warm, hive his B's, kill off the J's, remember what he O's, take care of the V's, pay all he O's, teach his wife not to T's, and take his E's.

Anecdote of Landseer.

A friend of Sir Edwin Landseer, who accompanied him to Kensington Museum on the first occasion of its exhibition by gaslight, relates that Landseer stopped short before his large picture, "A Visit to Waterloo." "I must have been mad," said he, "when I painted that." And, walking up to the picture, he placed his hand over the part which had attracted his criticism. An attendant policeman shouted his polite caution, "Now, then, take yer 'ands off there!" "My good man," said Sir Edwin, "I was merely remarking how bad that was." "Then, why don't yer go and do better?" said Bobby, who had no idea to whom he was speaking. "Quite right! quite right! I should do better. I am ashamed of it!" returned Sir Edwin.

A Boiling Well.

There is a very reasonable fear in the California miners to go down very far into the earth in some parts of the State. They do not know what unpleasant places they may reach. One company has bored four wells in the vicinity of the desert near White Plains. In one, at the depth of forty-five feet, it became so intolerably hot that the men engaged in sinking were compelled to desist. By the aid of machinery, however, a depth of eighty-two feet was attained when a stream of hot boiling water was reached. This immediately rose several feet in the well, and continues to boil incessantly. This well, probably the only one in which boiling water was ever found, is situated a few miles from White Plains Station, on the Central Pacific Railroad, between the Sink of Humboldt and Wadsworth.

Ask Them?—An advertisement of a medicine, however candid and conscientious it may be, does not always carry conviction with it. The public know to their sorrow that the boastful claims put forth in behalf of many so-called remedies are literally "a delusion and a snare." Probably the best use, therefore, that can be made of the space devoted to this notice of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS is to invite those who read it to inquire of the parties that have tested the curative and preventive properties of the article what they think of it. We earnestly request all doubters to ascertain from each of their friends and neighbors as have taken this standard tonic and alterative as a protection against malarious diseases, or as a cure for indigestion, liver complaint, constipation, rheumatism, nervous debility, headache, low spirits, languor, biliousness, &c., what HOSTETTER'S BITTERS has done for them. There is no testimony so trustworthy as that which is the result of personal experience.

A WRONG CUSTOM CORRECTED.

It is quite generally the custom to take strong liver stimulants for the cure of liver complaint, and both the mineral and vegetable kingdoms have been diligently searched to procure the most drastic and poisonous purgatives, in order to produce a powerful effect upon the liver, and arouse the lagging and enfeebled organ. This system of treatment is on the same principle as that of giving a weak and debilitated man large portions of brandy to enable him to do a certain amount of work. When the stimulant is withheld, the organ, like the system, gradually relapses into a more torpid or sluggish and weakened condition than before. What then is wanted? Medicines, that, while they cause the bile to flow freely from the liver, as that organ is toned into action, will not overwork and thus debilitate it, but will, when their use is discontinued, leave the liver strengthened and healthy.

WORKS WONDERS.

BERGEN, Genesee Co., N. Y., March 23, 1871.

DR. R. V. PIERCE:

Dear Sir—Your treatment in my case has been quite successful and satisfactory, and for which I desire to express my gratitude. I have been troubled with a disordered Liver and Catarrh and general weakness for a good many years, and was failing slowly all the time, and last August I called on you and got some of your Golden Medical Discovery and Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and one of your Nasal Injectors, and since that time I have been improving, and am now better than I have been in years, not having had the sick headache in months, which I used to have to average once a week, the Golden Medical Discovery being the principal medicine used. It has worked wonders in my case, and I recommend it to those similarly afflicted. Let me express gratitude to you for such invaluable services.

Truly and gratefully yours,

WM. F. CRITTENDEN.

EAST INDIA HEMP is the only thing on record that positively cures **Consumption** and **Bronchitis**. We have many pathatives, but **CANNABIS INDICA** is the only permanent cure, and will break up a fresh cold in 24 hours. One bottle will satisfy the most skeptical. Price, $2.50. Sold everywhere. Send stamp for certificate of cures to CRANNOCK & Co., 1032 Race street, Philadelphia, naming Saturday Evening Post. fe7-13t

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Removed alive, with head complete, in from two to three hours. No fee till removed, by Dr. KUNZE, No. 230 N. Ninth street, Philadelphia. Seal, Pin and Stomach Worms also removed. oc25-52t

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Sarsaparillian Resolvent,

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FOR THE CURE OF ALL

CHRONIC DISEASES, SCROFULA, ULCERS,

CHRONIC RHEUMATISM, ERYSIPELAS,

KIDNEY, BLADDER, AND LIVER

COMPLAINTS, DYSPEPSIA,

AFFECTIONS OF THE LUNGS AND THROAT;

PURIFIES THE BLOOD,

RESTORING HEALTH AND VIGOR;

CLEAR SKIN AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION

SECURED TO ALL.

Sold by Druggists. Price $1 per Bottle.

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PERFECT PURGATIVE PILLS.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure.

Price 25 cents per box. Sold by Druggists.

DR. RADWAY & CO., 32 Warren St., New York

oc18-tf

* "Helping the poor to help themselves" was the reformer's phrase, but Mrs. Credit gave it a little feminine twist.

THE
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1874

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Address

SATURDAY EVENING POST,

No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

MARY SOMERVILLE.

The life of this lady, a long and rich life of ninety-two years, is exciting more interest than her books ever did. They repose on the library shelves, wonderful trophies for a woman to win, but of actual value only to the student in one special field. Her womanly excellence is worth more than them all. Shown at every period and in every relation of life, it is a beautiful example to her sex of superior character manifesting itself as clearly and decidedly in small things as in great.

In those days we are quite accustomed to the union of great gifts with feminine graces—so more than satisfied indeed of their compatibility that we fully expect a distinguished woman to be distinguished throughout; the same intelligence that lifts her above the ordinary level, ruling the smallest details of her life as well. It was different when Mrs. Somerville made her mark in society. In the words of Frances Power Cobbe:—

"The bare idea of a woman knowing algebra, or taking pleasure in a fine demonstration of geometry, seemed necessarily to prove her an icicle and a pedant; and to the same generation, the notion that Mrs. Somerville could both translate La Place and behave in company as a rational and well-bred lady, seems always to have offered a paradox on which the minds of her contemporaries expatiated with wearisome surprise and somewhat impertinent approval. In truth, as all who read her 'Recollections' will see, there never was anything simpler than her life and character from beginning to end, nor anything further from a mystery than the fact that the ardent young girl, inspired with wholesome thirst for knowledge and with unusual faculties for sustained and consecutive thought, should develop into a woman full of gentle dignity and animation, loving order and grace in everything around her, and lifted so far above pettiness or vanity that such things were practically hid beneath her horizon. The wonder would have been if the child who rambled about the 'Links' of Burntisland, pondering on every flower and shell, and who lay awake at night re-hearsing to herself the first six books of Euclid, had proved, after all, a vulgar woman; or had united elevated mental pursuits with sordid domestic habits. Some of her critics indeed, it would seem, were so impatient at her unaccountable simplicity and good breeding, that one, at the time of her death, thought fit to describe her as 'commonplace.' Miss Cornelia Bumber's erudite allusions to Cicero, or perhaps a more frequent reference to Logarithms and the Solar System, would no doubt, in this writer's opinion, have been a vast improvement on Mrs. Somerville's style of conversation."

The most unaccountable act of her life, her first marriage, was an outrage that seems to take us very far back into the darkness of barbarism, when the position of women was so low and dependent that it was held to be "an impertinence for a young lady to reject any honest man, of suitable worldly condition, and a heresy to believe that Love is no less needful to sanctify Marriage than Marriage to sanctify Love." This, the creed of the day, was no doubt that of her mother, Lady Fairfax, so she was given to Samuel Greig, who does not seem to have had one claim to the treasure he appropriated, not even that of appreciation.

"Why she married this man, who was to the last degree harsh, stern, and unsympathizing, and why he, who was totally incapable of appreciating any of the higher qualities of woman, lighted upon the very ablest young girl in the world, is one of those mysteries which must be left to swell the list of inscrutable matrimonial problems."

Marry him she did. Mary Fairfax, the "Rose of Jedburg," became Mrs. Greig, and was taken to the gloomy and miserable bachelor's home in London, that her husband never thought fit to beautify or change for her comfort, through all their wedded life. He was a rich man, (making near £10,000 a year,) but so mean that his wife was actually allowed to suffer from cold. He only lived three years, however; and her son, Woronzow Greig, was of quite another stamp; always from first to last, affectionate and devoted, delighting to lavish luxuries upon his mother.

It was on the death of her uncongenial husband, this "check and kill joy," that her special abilities began to develop. She threw herself ardently into study, with but slight interruption henceforth through her life. Dr. Somerville, a man worthy of and devoted to her, encouraged and aided her in every way, and was proud of her success. In the intellectual circles of London a woman of genius at that day was more peculiar and remarkable than she could be now. Born in 1780, her entrance into society was at the beginning of this fast-moving nineteenth century, marked especially with progress in the general estimate of women. But there was nothing startling in her superiority. "A slender and fragile feminine form which, wherever it was seen, held a place of honor, and about which there hung always a curious sense of semi-mystery, such as might have belonged to some childlike Mozart with his gift of melody, or to a gentle little linnet believed to take an eagle's swoop round the sky every morning, and then come back to its cage and peck hemp-seed like the rest of its kind."

It is an interesting fact that Mrs. Somerville was but little indebted to the schools for mental training. Rather may we say it was a fortunate neglect that left her intellect untrammelled, undisturbed, to its natural growth.

"Mary Fairfax spent her youth, as she says herself, 'like a wild thing,' among the rocks and sands round her mother's home in Burntisland on the Frith of Forth. Her formal education consisted in a year spent at the establishment of the Misses Primrose, of Musselburgh, who breed up the straitest and healthy girls in a hideous sort of portable pillory, and gave her daily a page of Johnson's Dictionary for her mental instruction. Later on she acquired the arts of sewing a shirt and a sampler, and received elaborate instructions in cookery at a confectioner's shop. Music and dancing were graciously added to this extensive curriculum in later years. As for such trifles as history, geography, physics, and mathematics, they were, as she piteously remarks, 'not for me;' and only by circuitous and occult paths did she climb step by step up the steeps of science. 'Not a hand held out to help me,' she says, 'I was often very sad and lonely.' But if it be true that 'stolen waters are sweetest,' those drops of knowledge with which the young girl at last managed to allay her thirst were, doubtless, all the more precious in that they had not gushed from the shallow fountain of a fashionable governess's lectures; and the sacred appetite fixed, instead of being appeased by satiety, remained in all its early strength to the very end of her days. That great charm which enchants life, the perpetual desire for knowledge, never failed her, nor ceased to surround her in the eyes of others with that special interest which few have learned to analyze, but which undoubtedly comes of the consciousness that the mind with which we converse is still growing like a tree, not planed and sawn across like a mast. Not vainly did the old Greeks hoone their sage for 'growing old, learning something every day,' for it is one of the truest signs of sagehood so to do; and the woman who learned Quaternions at ninety was perhaps more worthy of respect on that account than because she wrote the 'Mechanism of the Heavens' just half a century before."

A FICKLE WOMAN.

In 1749 occurred an odd episode in Wesley's life. On one of his missionary journeys he had been taken sick at Newcastle, where he was nursed by Grace Murray, one of his female "helpers," a handsome, clever widow of four-and-thirty, Wesley himself being twelve years older. He asked her to marry him. She seemed amazed, and replied, "This is too great a blessing. I can't tell how to believe it. This is all I could have wished under heaven." Wesley, quite naturally, took this as a formal betrothal. But Grace had, not long before, nursed John Bennett, a Methodist preacher, of about her own age; and Wesley was soon astounded by a joint letter from Grace and John, asking his consent to their marriage. Then ensued a comedy, lasting for months, the like of which no playwright has ventured to put upon the stage. Grace would have been quite content with either of her lovers, were it not for the other. But, contrary to all example, it was the absent one whom she wanted. When Wesley was with her, she longed for Bennett; when Bennett was present, she longed for Wesley. How many times she broke and renewed her engagement with each, it would be hard to tell. "I love you," she said to Wesley, "a thousand times better than I ever loved John Bennett; but I am afraid if I don't marry him he'll run mad." That very evening she promised herself again to Bennett. A week after she told Wesley she was determined to live and die with him. She, indeed, wanted to be married at once; but Wesley wished for some delay. Grace said she would not wait more than a year. A fortnight later, she met Bennett, fell at his feet and acknowledged that she had used him ill. They were married a week after. This strange marriage seems to have turned out a happy one. Bennett died, in the triumphs of faith, ten years later. Grace survived him until 1803, dying at the age of eighty-seven. For years she was a bright light in the Methodist society. Wesley saw her three days after her marriage, and but once more on earth. Thirty-nine years after, she came to London on a visit to her son, and expressed a wish to see Wesley. He was eighty five years old, she past seventy. What could they now have to say, except "Hail and farewell!"—*Galaxy.*

The Land of the Midnight Sun.

At last I got to the land of the Midnight Sun. I watched it throughout the first night, and remained there nearly seven weeks. It bothered me to know when to go to bed, my watch being out of repair. I discovered the birds retired at eleven A. M., and got up at two A. M. Still further north, and then mosquitoes! Talk about your New Jersey specimens, pshaw! Why, they are so thick that you couldn't see a man three feet off. I saw log houses, one hundred and fifty feet long, some of them seven hundred years old. To heat them wood fires are built in high fireplaces having very thick walls. These are kept up two or three days, and then they have no fire for a week. Some of the farmers have as many as forty-five houses. There are houses for cheese, and for butter, and this thing and that thing—I don't know what all. Each farm has two dwelling houses, one for winter and another for summer. Houses can be rented for $5 a year. Carpenter's wages are forty-five cents a day, and yet they strike. Everybody works. Each house has its loom; they weave cloth and make their own garments. There are no markets; nothing is sold. Whoever has more than he wants for himself gives it to whoever needs it. The people are healthy. They do not have consumption, and you never see an emaciated form. You never see a beggar, either. If too poor to live they are too proud to beg, and not mean enough to steal. The sustenance is sour milk, coarse bread, meat twice a week, and fish.

Nearer yet to the Cape, and the horses and the cows and the reindeer live on fish eaten raw. Still nearer, and the cows have nothing but boiled seaweed to eat. In degree sixty-eight, farm horses are scarce, the travelling unpleasant, and done on foot or by boat. In the summer it is wet, and the mosquitoes leave no peace.

At length I reached seventy-one degrees fifty minutes, the Cape, the northern end of Europe. The coast of Norway is magnificent, its harbors lined with steamboats; its mountains, high and grand, are covered with glaciers, its waters so clear that the bottom of the sea is discernible. Sweden bears no comparison to it. In going from the city of Tonjin, toward Sweden, don't sleep under the skins they offer. Such fleas, and such numbers! Grog shops are one hundred miles apart up there. They buy whisky by the quantity, and keep drunk while it lasts.—*Paul du Chaillu.*

Horace Greeley and William Cullen Bryant.

The writer of the New York Post's article, some fifteen years ago, to which Greeley replied, "You lie, you villain, you lie," was not Bryant, but his principal editorial assistant, John Bigelow, who was our minister to France during the war. Bigelow was naturally indignant over the language, but Bryant was excessively incensed at it, and never afterward, on any occasion, would recognize Greeley or speak to him. Bryant and Greeley frequently happened to be together at public dinners or meetings, and Bryant more than once made allusions which Greeley must have thought were meant for his ears, but Greeley never gave the least sign of taking offence at such times. They were together some five or six years ago, at a dinner given to Senator Cassserly, at Delmonico's, and Bryant, with a belligerent and trenchant look in his face, and in that peculiarly high metallic tone of voice to which he sometimes resorts, warned Cassserly against those "protection-ist cor-mo-rants" whom he would meet in his political career. At these words Greeley hung his head like a blushing girl, took a little water to moisten his lips, and soon afterward made a speech filled with most excellent humor about things in general, but with no allusions to protection or free trade.

FREE PLATFORM.

[We give this week an able article by "Temperance" on the affirmative of the Prohibitory Law question. Next week we are promised an answer by "No Fanatic." We also give an article by "Shirley" in defence of the Woman's Movement.]

TEMPERANCE AND PROHIBITION.

MR. EDITOR:—A point made by "No FANATIC" in his recent article in reply to my own, is that legal Prohibition is an invasion of just rights and liberties. He cherishes the idea of personal liberty so fondly that he would permit a man to do wrong, merely because to restrain him from so doing would be infringing upon the sacred bounds of individual freedom. Why then enact laws for the punishment of the thief, the incendiary, the murderer? Is it not "an invasion of personal liberty" to shut these offenders up in jail? They were only doing as they pleased when they committed their respective offences. But the truth is, no man has a right to do as he pleases unless he pleases to do right. *Protection* is the main prerogative of civil government—is its aim, end and business. The protection of the possessions, the rights, the industry and the virtue of a community from the invasions of the lawless and the mischievous is the main function of government. Its office is to supervise the complicated and often clashing operations of self-love among the associated thousands of whom society is composed, and restrain its injurious workings.

Turn to our Statute Law, and you will find that this is the real meaning of each enactment. More or less obviously each statute is a protective prohibition. It presupposes some lawful pursuit molested, or some social or individual right invaded; and the statute is the arm of the social body, stretched forth to protect the violated right by prohibiting invasion.

The only question then can be, does the traffic in alcoholic drinks inflict any serious injury on the rights, interests, affections, or virtue of the community? By that issue it must abide. And what foe has society so dreadful, so dangerous, so destructive to individual and social peace as intemperance? It stands impeached in the name of every virtue, in the name of everything pure and beautiful and blessed, as the pitiless invader of them all! Where else is such a gushing source of derangement and corruption? It is not only a vice in itself, but the parent of innumerable other vices.

We have pampered this traffic with our sanctions till it has waxed fat, and kicks at all restrictions. It devours its victims at noonday, and sows the land with thriftlessness and immorality, violence and crime, and passes from its banquetings on broken hearts and ruined hopes only to tell us with a front of brass that there is no remedy! We may prohibit theft and arson, but not this! If a man assault another—knock him down—he is forthwith arrested and held to answer for the act; but intemperance may fill the gutters with fallen human figures, and yet, since to proceed against *it* must be to proceed against individuals, nothing can be done. *Somebody* is answerable for the wrong and disgrace of those miserable inebriates—the manufacturer of or the dealer in the liquor that wrought such results were the active agents in furnishing it, yet no law must be enacted to prohibit them from continuing the vile business, because "personal rights" would be infringed!

The dealers and their constituents say: "You invade our liberties; we have a natural right to make and deal and drink as we please."

Let it be admitted that you have a *natural* right to do so; but recollect the whole theory of which this is a part. Recollect where you are. We are not savages. It is a good thing, we find, to dwell together in a social state; but in a social state, as this theory goes, every member yields many points of natural liberty as the price of protection from the injurious action of others. Go, then, out of the social state, away from the society of your fellow-beings who may be injured by your doings, and there you may do as you please, unrestricted by human law. There you may enjoy this precious natural right to traffic in alcohol, and to make yourselves maniacs, ready for any deed, by the use of it. There too you may sell arsenic, may curse and blaspheme, profane the Sabbath, and take what you can by the sole law of the strong hand. There you may turn to the left instead of to the right on the highway; set your slaughter-house on fire, if you choose; coin base money; or do any similar forbidden thing. All these are as truly natural rights and quite as defensible as that which you claim.

But there is a view still more conclusive in justification of prohibitory law. All legislative action touching the traffic in liquor has been, and from the nature of the case must be, prohibitory in its aim and operation. The License scheme itself is a form of prohibition. From the beginning society has assumed the right in question, and a series of statutes of a prohibitory nature has been enacted under the name of License Laws, loose and utterly inadequate, it may be, but nevertheless restrictive of the traffic, and establishing forever the right to restrict to the uttermost.

"NO FANATIC" contends that the enforcement of prohibition laws tends to the development of a vast number of spies, informers and petty meddlers, who make it their business to detect and bring to punishment the violators of the law. It is true that an evil of this kind will become in a degree a necessary consequence, but it will not reach the proportions my opponent appears to apprehend. The friends of Temperance, as a class, are not of a character that would permit them to take delight in "prying into their neighbors' doings," nor could they be easily corrupted to such practices. But if it is known or suspected that their neighbors' "doings" are traffic in the prohibited article of strong drink, then, not in a meddling spirit, but from a serious sense of duty would they feel called upon to make exposure of the wrong-doers.

If, on the other side, these same wrong-doers take to lying, sneaking and sometimes perjury to secure themselves in their illegal business or to save themselves from the consequences of their evil doings, whose but theirs is the additional sin? They have none but themselves to blame. They cannot charge their further wickedness upon their opponents.

In conclusion "NO FANATIC" makes the heartless claim that one good at least comes from the liquor traffic—that an enormous revenue for the support of government comes from it. "Liquor pays about $60,000,000 a year for this purpose." Yes, we admit it; but the whole matter is a penny-wise and pound-foolish one on the most stupendous and saddening scale. If there were no liquor in the land the productive capacities of the people would be so vastly increased that the sum now coming from the tax on whisky could be drawn from honest industry, and the payment would be made with infinitely greater ease than at present. Nothing is so destructive in its influence, direct and indirect, upon private and national resources as intemperance. Nearly all the poverty in the land is traceable to this source.

The Traffic is not a sharer of the burdens of tax-payers; it does not support them, but they it. Without constant access to their pockets it would soon cut off its own supplies and perish by suicide. As it is, it has a lien on the entire social body. Aside from incalculable indirect waste and damage, this traffic creates four-fifths of all our pauperism, and taxes every rateable dollar of our property for its support. It occasions three-fourths of our crimes and criminal prosecutions, and of our police and prison provisions, and hands over the heavy bill to be borne by the virtue and thrift of the community. It creates crime for us to mourn over and punish and pay for, and beggars for us to pity and feed. And yet some have the brazen hardness to claim that it yields a revenue to the government! *It costs* the government (which is the people) probably $300,000,000 annually to support *it*, pays $60,000,000 of the bill, and coolly says nothing about the rest!

Perhaps my article is already long enough, Mr. Editor, for your columns. In my next I may have some other points presented by my opponent to assail, especially in relation to what he says under the head of MORAL SUASION.

Yours, etc. TEMPERANCE.

THE WOMEN'S WAR.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I am not quite pleased with the tone of "Zig's" remarks last week relative to the Woman's War against Whisky, and not at all with the remarks of the gentleman who signs himself "Common Sense."

Granting that women are not entirely perfect, and do devote too much attention to the Fashions, and do injure themselves by carrying out their natural desire to appear comely in the eyes of the sterner sex, is that any reason why they should not go on in any good work—especially when that work is to save their husbands and sons and brothers from the terrible clutches of a demon compared to whom the afrites and demons of Eastern story were angels?

Is it not a good work? As was said of old, "If it be not of God, it will come to naught—and if it be of God, you cannot overthrow it."

Let it be judged by its results. What are they so far? Read the following summary for which I am indebted to the daily papers:

"In reference to the work accomplished by the new movement, carefully compiled returns from fifty-five cities, towns and villages in Ohio, give valuable statistics of the progress and results of the crusade. It appears that in the fifty-five places from which reports have been received, 336 drinking-places have ceased the sale of liquor. Of this number 245 were saloons and 91 were drug-stores, where liquor was sold to tipplers. Over 15,000 persons have signed the total abstinence pledge. On the other hand, in the same cities and towns 559 drinking-places are still open, but in nearly every case their business has been greatly reduced if not destroyed.

"In the few Indiana towns heard from, nine saloons and nine drug-stores have ceased to sell liquor and 1,233 persons have signed the pledge. In the aggregate 254 saloons and 100 drug-stores have been closed as to the sale of liquor, and the pledge has received 16,000 signatures. Trustworthy estimates as to towns not reporting increase these figures so much that it is safe to place the number of liquor stores closed at 450 and the number of signatures to the pledge at 20,000. In the towns heard from, 61 in all, 612 saloons and drug-stores continue to sell liquor."

Nearly all the above was accomplished in a single month, February. Putting aside the fact of the closing of nearly half-a-hundred liquor saloons and stores, is not the signing of the pledge by 16,000 people, of itself a sufficient justification and vindication of the movement?

I see it stated that in the portion of Ohio where this movement originated, the ravages of Intemperance in the last twenty years have been fearful. It is not in the New England portion of the State—it is among the descendants of the old Virginia and North Carolina families that the woman's war on whiskey began. These are a praying people, and they have naturally resorted to praying the monster Intemperance down. "Common Sense" says that it is fanaticism, and that harm and not good will be the ultimate result. I beg leave to differ from him. The result may not be all that we hope, but that a very large amount of genuine and abiding good will be the result—that thousands will be plucked like brands from the burning, and other thousands saved from those paths which lead to the drunkard's grave, I have no doubt whatever. SHIRLEY.

Flowers as Ministers to Health.

Window gardens are the loveliest finish to a city dwelling. That they are useful as well as ornamental is not sufficiently considered, else they would be oftener seen. The trouble to a nice housekeeper in town is that the air coming in from the street is not clean. Her house may be spotless; that is in her power, but throw up the window for fresh air, and instead enters a current, tainted slightly perhaps but quite perceptibly, with manifold defilements; and this she knows is not only disagreeable but mischievous. Now suppose a box is fastened outside the window and filled with half a dozen or more pots of fragrant flowers in vigorous growth, the tonic and purifying properties of this fragrance would alter the character of the inblowing air, and there is no telling how much sickness might thus be warded off. Hyacinths are in order now; of course while winter lingers they must be kept on the warm side of the glass; and tulips are not all show, but breathe out a subtle sweetness of their own. A box of mignonette the full length of the window-sill is not hard to grow, and the bloom continues long. The air that blows over golden daffodils and purple violets is not only suggestive of country freshness, it is actually sifted from city contaminations, and enriched with the tonic forces a spring breeze ought to have.

Frequent changes and constant attention are necessary to keep a window-garden in order. To be ministers of health flowers must be in healthful condition. The life-principle, ozone, so abundant in sweet-smelling plants, is generated in proportion to the thrifty growth. It would be well to sow the ground between pots in bloom with mint and lavender, for their wholesome exhalations in the sunshine. Hanging baskets might be used, where it is difficult to find room for flower-pots. People who stay in town all summer will find it pay to keep up a constant succession of these delightful disinfectants, pleasing soul and sense alike, and all the time quietly and beneficently medicating the air for our breathing. S. P.

YOUR LETTER.

I am going to burn your letter! I sit by the hearth alone;
I hear on the pane the sobbing rain, I hear the night winds moan;
But safe in its hushed tranquillity lies the little world of home,
While the fire-light flashes fitfully about the quiet room;
And brightly it glints on the chequered tints of the paper in my grasp,
Safe, for a moment yet, my prize, in my loving, lingering clasp;
Safe, though around the funeral pyre the fierce flames flash and leap,
For I shall burn your letter, love, and to night, before I sleep.

Yes, I shall burn your letter; though again, and yet again,
I read the words, as to music's chords one sets a sweet refrain;
Though I open it where the firelight falls, with touches slow and soft,
And bend once more o'er the written words, that I have traced so oft,
To please myself by fancying, "he smiled when that phrase he wrote;"
Or, "there a shade, like a summer cloud, o'er the clear brown eyes would float;"
Or, "here did he leave a kiss, like me, all for the fond word's sake,
Or for love of the echo that he knew their melody would wake."

Still, I shall burn your letter; I think I have found a joy,
Whose centered pleasure, nor thought can measure, nor time nor tide destroy;
I know I wish my life may pass, ere that dream dissolved I see,
Yet I will keep our secret, love, for you, and the angels, and me.
Our bond is hard to understand, though its web is true and pure,
And I might die to-night, you know; the flame is a guardian sure.
Well, flowers spring thick in summer; my heart has a bright new June,
And I say, as I burn your letter, "He will write me another soon!"

AUTHORS AT WORK.

Prynne, says Aubrey, wore a long quilt cap, which came at least two or three inches over his eyes, which served him as an umbrella to defend his eyes from the light. About every three hours his man was to bring him a roll and a pot of ale to refocillate his wasted spirits; so he studied and drank and munched some bread, and this maintained him till night, and then he made a good supper. Refocillation is a favorite resource—whatever the word may be—with authors not a few. Addison with his bottle of wine at each end of the long gallery at Holland House, and Schiller, with his flask of old Rhenish, and his coffee laced with old cognac, at three in the morning, occur to the memory at once. Dr. Darwin, the grandfather of the great living naturalist, was a strange compound of science and eccentricity. He wrote most of his works on scraps of paper with a pencil, as he travelled. His equipage was as old as his habits. He rode in an old "sulky," with a skylight at top, and an awning which could be drawn over it in case of need. The front of the carriage contained a box for writing paper and pencils, a knife and fork and spoon. On one side was a huge pile of books. On the other a hamper of fruit and sweetmeats, cream and sugar, which divided the attention of the burly old doctor with the stock of literature. Burns usually composed while walking in the open air. Until he was completely master of a tune, he could never write words for it. When he felt "his muse beginning to jade," he retired to the fireside of his study, and there committed his thoughts to paper. Sometimes he composed "by the lee-side of a bowl of punch, which had upset every mortal in the company except the hautbois and the muse." Shelley was once found in a pine forest writing verses on a guitar, the paper presenting a frightful scrawl, "all smear and smudge and disorder." "When my brain gets heated with thought," said he, "it soon boils, and throws off words and images faster than I can skim them off. In the morning, when cooled down, out of that rude sketch I shall attempt a drawing." Christopher North describes himself as writing "by screeds," the fit coming on about ten in the morning, which he would encourage by a mere "nutshell of mountain dew" (which my dear friend, the English opium-eater, would toss off in laudanum.) As soon as he felt there was no danger of a relapse, that this demon would be with him the whole day, he ordered dinner at nine, shut himself up within triple doors, and set manfully to work. "No desk; an inclined plane—except in bed—is my abhorrence. All glorious articles must be written on a dead flat." Washington Irving wrote most of the "Stout Gentleman" while mounted on a stile, or seated on a stone, in his excursions with Leslie the painter, round about Stratford-upon-Avon, the latter taking sketches in the meantime. The artist says his companion wrote with the greatest rapidity, often laughing to himself, and from time to time reading the manuscript aloud. Douglas Jerrold worked at a desk without a speck upon it, using an inkstand in a marble shell, clear of all litter, his little dog at his feet. Dr. Channing had the habit of taking a turn in the garden, during which he was a study for the calm concentration of his look, and the deliberateness of his step. Charlotte Bronte had to choose her favorable days for writing. Weeks or even months would sometimes elapse before she could add anything to the story which she had commenced. She wrote on little scraps of paper in a minute hand, holding each against a little piece of thin board for a desk, on account of her short-sightedness. Many of the more spirited descriptions in "Marmion" were struck off while Scott was out with his cavalry. In the intervals of drilling he delighted to walk his black steed up and down by himself, upon the Portobello sands, within the beating of the surf, and now and then you would see him plunge in his spurs, and go off as if at the charge, with the spray dashing about him. Coleridge liked to compose in walking over uneven ground, or breaking through the straggling branches of copsewood. Wordsworth preferred to weave his verses while pacing up and down a straight gravel walk, or in some spot where the flow of his rhymes was not exposed to any casual interruption.

Memory of Faces.

When a man has the painter's faculty of recollecting faces, and with it a quick and retentive memory of small facts, the combination gives him great social power. This was Macaulay's case. He never forgot the face of a man whom he had met in society, and with the face he remembered all the salient facts connected with the owner of it. Few things are more flattering to an ordinary mortal than being thoroughly remembered by a great lion with whom he has perhaps had a brief interview several years before. I doubt if this faculty exists to any great extent among our public men; indeed, I have often been surprised at the absence of it. A Russian baron of the true divine-right school once maintained to me that this was an effect of republican institutions, or, what came to the same thing, that the opposite was the result of monarchical institutions. He said that kings and princes were obliged to see a great many persons, wherefore Providence had conferred on them various means of being gracious to those persons, of which prompt recognition was one.—*Galaxy.*

WIT AND HUMOR.

A SCOTCH ANECDOTE.

A distinguished professor, residing not a thousand miles from Andover, was recently on an excursion to Europe. Being in Edinburgh one wet Sunday, and desiring to go to church, he hired a cab. On reaching the church door he tendered a shilling to cabby, the legal fare, and was somewhat surprised to hear the cabman say, "Twa shullin', sir." The professor, fixing his eagle eyes upon the extortioner, demanded why he charged two shillings, and the cabman dryly answered, "We wush to discourage travelling on the Sawbath as much as possible, sir." The fare was paid.

GO WEST.

A Nebraska journal invitingly says: "Who says farmers cannot get rich in this State? Fifteen years ago a young man came to the State, without a dollar in the world. Last week he went out of the State, carrying with him the sum of one dollar and thirty-eight cents, the savings of fifteen years of frugal life. Come West, young man, come West!"

IN WANT OF A BEAU.

A few days ago a very handsome lady entered a dry-goods house and inquired for a "beau." The polite clerk threw himself back, and remarked that he was at her service. "Yes, but I want a buff, not a green one," was the reply. The young man went on measuring goods immediately.

A LOST NOVEL.

I am now in Germantown. It's the very place where a female novelist was lost to society. She was lost in this way. She had written a novel, "The Dead Minister; or, The Fatal Dish Rag," or some such name, and she had a lover, and one fatal night she sat down to read that novel to her lover. She commenced to read as follows:—

"Winifred Attleboro' sat with bated breath a-fishing."

"You mean baited hook," said he.

"I mean bated breath," says she.

Says he, "Who the deuce ever fished with a baited breath?"

Says she, "You're a fool."

Says he, "Farewell, Susan! Susan, alas! farewell."

He might have added another letter to that alas, for it proved a last farewell. Two loving hearts were severed, and her book was lost to the world, for in her rage she used it to kindle a fire to ripen some codfish balls with.

DRAWING THE PAIN.

A tall Yankee, standing six feet three inches in his stockings, was suddenly attacked with symptoms of a fever. Having a violent pain in his head, his wife, to afford him relief, was about to apply draughts to his feet, when he asked:

"What are you putting them on my feet for?"

"Why," says she, "to try and draw the pain out of your head."

"The deuce!" says he; "I would rather it would stay where it is than be drawn the whole length of me."

A RECOMMENDATION.

The following is the recommendation lately given by a lady to her departing servant:—"The bearer has been in my house a year—minus eleven months. During this time she has shown herself diligent—at the house door; frugal—in work; mindful—of herself; prompt—in excuses; friendly—toward men; faithful—to her lovers; and honest—when everything had vanished."

TWO CONUNDRUMS.

A young lady, when riding from her father's country seat to a neighboring village met a young man on foot, who was carrying a jug. She at once reined in her horse, and asked him what he had in the jug.

Looking up with a comical leer, he simply winked one eye and smacked his lips, to indicate that it contained something good.

The young lady, supposing he meant alcohol, immediately began to talk temperance, but her auditor requested the privilege of first asking her one question.

"What is it?" she asked.

"It is this," he replied; "why is my jug like your side-saddle?"

She could not tell.

"It is because it holds a gal-on," said he.

"What trifling!" exclaimed the indignant young lady, and then continued:

"Young man, do you perceive—"

"Just one more question," interrupted her auditor, "and then I am done. Why is my jug like the assembly-room of a female seminary at roll-call?"

"I am sure I don't know," petulantly replied the young lady.

"Well, it's because it is full o' lasses," said the incorrigible auditor.

The fair lecturer touched her spirited horse with her whip, and was soon out of hearing of the rude young man.

A GOOD STORY.

It is a pity to have one of Mr. Evarts's good stories mangled by the reporters, as is the case in the reports of his anecdote about a donkey, told at a recent Harvard meeting. The story really was as follows: A few summers since, Mr. Evarts, at the urgent request of one of his younger daughters, sent up to his country place in Vermont a donkey for her use. She had read about donkeys, but was not familiar with their peculiar vocalism. The animal's strange noises inspired her with the profoundest pity for his evident distress. So she wrote to her father. "Dear pap—I do wish you would come up here soon, my donkey is so lonesome." As Mr. Evarts renders this pathetic appeal, it is irresistible.—*New York Evening Mail.*

GRACE GREENWOOD, in her last letter from Colorado, describes a typical "poor-white" family of Missouri, careless, shiftless, and intolerably lazy, the daughters of which were accustomed to go barefoot till the soles of their feet became as hard as horn; and then tells this story: "One of these young ladies, on coming home one day from a long tramp in the rain after the cows, was standing on the hearth drying her clothes, when her old mother drawled out 'Sal, thar's—a—live—coal—under—yer—foot.' The girl lightly turned her head, and drawled back: 'Which—foot, mammy?'"

☞ The word husband, with which young women before marriage associate so much poetry and romance, is no in its etymology all that fancy may represent it. It is Anglo-Saxon—husbonda, composed of hus and bonda, meaning house boor, or house master.

TO THE ROSEMARY.

BY HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

Sweet scented flower! who art wont to bloom
On January's front severe,
And o'er the wintry desert drear
To wait thy waste perfume!
Come, thou shalt form my nosegay now,
And I will bind thee round my brow,
And as I wind the mournful wreath,
I'll weave a melancholy song:
And sweet the strain shall be and long,
The melody of death.

Come, funeral flow'r! who lov'st to dwell
With the pale corse in lonely tomb,
And throw across the desert gloom
A sweet decaying smell.
Come, press my lips, and lie with me
Beneath the lowly alder tree,
And we will sleep a pleasant sleep,
And not a care shall dare intrude,
To break the marble solitude,
So peaceful and so deep.

And hark! the wind-god, as he flies,
Moans dirge-like in the forest trees,
And sighing on the gusty breeze,
Mysterious music dies.
Sweet flower! that requiem wild is mine,
It warns me to the lonely shrine,
The cold turf altar of the dead;
My grave shall be in yon lone spot,
Where as I lie, by all forgot,
A dying fragrance thou wilt o'er my ashes shed.

THE SEA OF FIRE;

OR,

ON THE BRINK OF A PRECIPICE.

BY MAURICE F. EGAN.

CHAPTER XVII.

A MIDNIGHT RIDE.

Perhaps the lamplight dazzled Burleigh, or perhaps his sight failed to pierce the darkness that enveloped the street; however it was, he failed to see the group on the sidewalk.

Inez, answering Brierwood's solicitous questions, explained the cause of her agitation. Fadette shook her fist in the direction of the cab, which a few minutes later drew up in front of Madame Burleigh's residence.

Luckily, sharp eyed Fadette espied another cab driving away from the opposite side of the next street, having set down its load. Our trio were soon inside.

"Where to?" asked the driver.

This was a question which Felix had not yet considered. His friend, Captain Durivage, had given him Rose's address. She was staying with her aunt somewhere in Fifth Avenue. He could think of nowhere else to take his precious charge. With all her coquetry, Rose was warm-hearted and womanly, Felix thought. She could not refuse an asylum to one who deserved her sympathy as Inez de Vastro deserved it.

The calman grumbled impatiently while Felix searched in his pockets for the card containing Rose's address. At last he found it, and gave the direction to the man.

Inez sunk into her seat, weary but exceedingly thankful for her deliverance. It is true it occurred to her that she knew nothing of the man under whose protection she now was. This thought occasioned a momentary feeling of frightened distrust; but a glance at Felix Brierwood's face reassured her. She felt that she could trust him. Felix, from the gloom of his corner, watched her until Fadette came to Captain Durivage's conclusion, namely, that this monsieur was in love with this Spanish girl.

Entirely worn out, Inez closed her eyes in sleep; and Fadette, having arranged the cloak around her new mistress more closely, looked at Felix, and coughed, by way of intimating that some of his attention ought of right to be bestowed on her.

"What is your name, monsieur?" she asked, timidly.

Felix started from his revery.

"My name? Brierwood—Felix Brierwood," he answered.

"Felix Brierwood—Brierwood," murmured Fadette, as if the name struck her. "I have heard or seen your name before, monsieur," she said. "I cannot think when or where. Have you ever come to madame's to get your fortune told or to find something you had lost?"

"Most certainly not. I feel insulted by that question, Fadette."

"Monsieur will excuse me, but—I cannot remember. When? Where?" Fadette's tones betrayed great perplexity. "I have heard or read it somewhere. Ah, yes, it was on a paper of madame's."

"A paper of madame's? But, Fadette, I am not the only Brierwood in this city, I presume."

"But it was your full name, monsieur; and mine was on it also—not mine exactly—but that of my half-sister, Marie Desmoulins—Desmoulins is my name, too. There were other names on the paper, I think, but I had not time to read them, for madame was coming."

"And why did you fear madame?"

"For a good reason. Monsieur must know that one day madame forgot to lock the drawer of her bureau. It was not madame's way to forget to lock anything, and I was much astonished. Doubtless madame was in a hurry, for there was the end of a ribbon hanging from the drawer—a ribbon, monsieur, of the loveliest shade of blue! it was superb! it was divine!" Fadette stopped in her enthusiasm to take breath. "Eh bien, monsieur, I pulled out the drawer, and tried the effect of that ribbon on my complexion; then I examined the other articles in the drawer. Among them was a little leather-bound book. It was full of writing in French, so I read it. I had just come to the page I have mentioned, monsieur, which contained our names. Before I could read it, madame's silk rustled on the stairs. I snatched up my broom, and began to sweep; but she came into the room only for an instant. I went to the drawer after she had gone, and tore from the book that leaf."

"You did wrong, Fadette. The book was not yours."

"The leaf had my name on it."

"But it did not belong to you."

"One's name is one's own," said Fadette, somewhat piqued, taking a small folded paper from a thin and dilapidated pocket-book. "If Monsieur Brierwood is so honest, perhaps he will return the paper to the estimable madame; I will not. But monsieur is advised to read it first. I have not thought of doing so since I took it."

Felix carelessly thrust the paper into his vest pocket. It was too dark to adopt Fadette's suggestion, and in his preoccupation the thought that the paper might be of importance to him never entered his mind.

"I will return it to madame through the post, if you wish me to do so, Fadette," said Felix.

Fadette shrugged her shoulders in silence. Stiff with offended dignity, she made herself very straight and upright, and answered Felix's observations and questions as curtly as she could.

"You have been in Brittany, Fadette?"

"I was born there."

"And how came you to this country?"

"I came with my grandmother—ma chère vielle grandmère! Oh, she was so good, Monsieur Brierwood!"

Fadette had forgotten her dignity: but she resumed it instantly. Felix continued his questions, not for any especial reason or because he was curious, but in the reaction after the recent excitement that had possessed him, he felt that he must do something—and even talking to Fadette was a relief.

"Why did your grandmother come to America, Fadette?"

"To look for my sister, Maria, who had married an American. All of our family had died, except grandmère, Marie, and me."

"Did you find your sister?"

"I learned my catechism when I was an infant, monsieur," said Fadette, very glad to talk, and yet determined to assert her dignity, "but since then I have never answered so many questions."

Felix laughed. "Is it long since you were a child, Fadette?"

"I am fourteen years old." Fadette made the announcement slowly, evidently expecting Felix to be crushed by it. "I am four-teen ye-ars old—not a more child."

"Indeed, you surprise me!"

Fadette smiled as if it were possible to forgive him.

"You really astonish me. I had no idea you were so young."

Fadette was disconcerted. She abruptly changed the subject.

"I will answer, monsieur. No, we did not find my stepsister. Grandmère had forgotten the name of her husband, and we wandered about a long time. One day grandmère died. It was a sad, sad day, monsieur—rain and wind beat about the streets, and the withered leaves were blown against the window panes. It was a sad, dreary day. When grandmère was buried, some kind people took me to the asylum, where there was such a number of little orphans! But Madame Burleigh—Bourlé, they called her—came, and she was so sweet, so mild, so gentle—like an angel, monsieur. She wanted a small girl to do her work, and she chose me to go with her, because I could speak the French."

Fadette paused for breath. She delivered her speeches with great rapidity—all her periods being commas—and she was forced frequently to interrupt her narrative, in order to take in a fresh supply of that valuable element, air.

"But when she had taken me home, monsieur, she was no more like an angel. Ma foi, no! She pulled my hair, I assure you, and made me scrub until the skin was worn off my hands, and she gave me that hideous apron of calico, and she trod on my toes, and she pinched my arms, and—"

Fadette paused again for breath. "And so, monsieur," she resumed, in an injured tone, "when I tore that leaf out of the book, I thought it might perhaps help me to find my stepsister. She left France long, long before I was born, but her father was my father, and we are sisters. I think she would help me."

"I've no doubt of it, if you could find her. I will give you the paper again."

"No, I will not receive it now," said Fadette, with a sudden resumption of her dignity. "Monsieur may keep it. If through it I lose the means of finding my sister, it will be monsieur's fault."

"As you please," answered Felix, amused. "I will look over it myself, and if—but here we are!"

The cab had stopped before an imposing, brown-stone house.

Felix got out, ascended the steps, and rang the bell. He did not know the name of Rose's aunt, and when, after a long interval, a cross, startled-looking servant-girl opened the door, she was supported in the back-ground by a man with a candle, who in his haste had probably attired himself in somebody else's clothes.

"What's wanted?" demanded the girl, getting behind the door as completely as she could.

"I want to see Miss Durivage."

"A pretty time to see Miss Durivage," grumbled the man in the back-ground. "I say, Marier," he added, in a sepulchral whisper, "the fellow has got his eye on your ear-rings."

Marier clapped both hands to her ears, and tried to close the door. This movement Felix was resolute in preventing.

"I must see Miss Durivage," he said, entering the hall. "Tell her that Mr. Brierwood wishes to see her."

Fadette and Inez had not waited to be assisted from the carriage. They now stood on the sidewalk.

"Poor relations is my opinion, Marier," grunted the man, who was Mrs. Leslie's (the aunt's) groom and general utility. "They've come 'cause they think missus is in bed, and can't keep 'em out."

The treacherous Marier suddenly scudded away, leaving the groom to face the unknown. Not being remarkable for bravery, the general utility backed out of the vestibule into the inner darkness, leaving Felix lord of all he surveyed.

He led Inez into the hall, and got a chair for her. He looked at his watch. It was exactly ten minutes after twelve. That the servants should be agitated by the advent of visitors at this unusual hour, was not surprising.

"This is the home of one of your friends—a lady who showed much interest in you during the voyage," said Felix, rather embarrassed, and scarcely knowing how to explain the position to Inez.

Inez merely bowed. If she had intended making a reply, it was cut short by the entrance of Rose Durivage. That young lady was in dishabille, but the negligé became her more than her ordinary dress. Her light blue wrapper was confined at the waist by a silver cord and tassel; her brown ringlets floated in bewitching confusion from the meshes of a net—altogether she made a very pretty picture, standing there, and shading the candle with her hand.

"Mr. Brierwood! This is indeed unexpected."

"If you will have this lady shown into a room, I will explain my motive for making this rather early morning call. Miss Rose Durivage, Señorita de Vastro."

Rose's womanly nature triumphed over formality. She went up to Inez and kissed her, and then taking her hands in hers whispered some words of comfort and sympathy.

Inez looked up and met the kind eyes of Rose. A glow overspread her pale face and her eyes moistened. It seemed very sweet to her to have a good woman near her, after her late long and weary days of solitary misery. The two girls were friends from that moment of meeting.

"You have forgotten to present me," said a shrill voice, and Fadette advanced into the circle of light thrown out by Rose's candle. "I am Fadette Alphonsine Desmoulins, maid to Señorita de Vastro."

"I am happy to know Fadette Alphonsine Desmoulins," said Rose, extending her hand.

"The happiness is mutual," said Fadette, with great stateliness, giving Rose two fingers.

"Hopkins," cried Rose, addressing some unseen person, "what do you mean by leaving us all here in the dark?"

Hopkins, the abashed general utility, made a sheepish appearance, and lit the gas.

"The next time that people come, I hope you'll have the kindness to show them into the drawing-room, and not leave them to catch their deaths of cold in the hall."

"I thought—"

"Well, don't think again—act," said Rose, sharply. "Come, Miss de Vastro, let me take you to my room. There's a fire there, and it's a good thing there is, for you must be chilled through. Fadette Alphonsine—couldn't you think of a shorter name?—Maria will take charge of you."

A rustling sound was heard on the stairs, and Mrs. Leslie, a refined-looking woman, whose well-cut features seemed as if they had been carved from the whitest ivory, appeared in a robe that was all black and purple.

"Rose, my dear," she began, in a gentle voice, after she had surveyed the scene in the hall, "this is rather strange. What does it mean? I must say—"

"You mustn't say," interrupted Rose, energetically. "If you stand in this cold hall saying anything, it will be bad for your rheumatism and my temper; so go to-bed, aunt, and I'll tell you everything to-morrow. Good-night, Mr. Brierwood. You can call early to-morrow and explain. Good-night. Pleasant dreams. Maria, take charge of this young person. Hopkins, look the hall-door."

Dispensing her orders right and left, the autocrat of the household clasped Inez round the waist, and drew her into a fire-lighted, luxuriously-furnished room.

"Now, my dear," said Rose, who could restrain her curiosity no longer, "let's have a good talk, if you're not too tired."

But Inez could not talk. She could only sob convulsively, with her head resting on the bosom of her new friend.

Inez was thinking of home, of her father, and of another whose image would impress itself upon her tenderest thoughts.

CHAPTER XVIII.

FALSE.

On the morning that followed the night on which Inez escaped from the house in Forty-seventh street, no member of the Burleigh family had risen very early. Ross and Laura, returning from the theatre the night before, had, with filial affection, taken care to cater for their mother's taste, as well as their own. They had brought home with them in the cab a couple of bottles of champagne, which the three emptied before retiring. To do Laura justice, she had small part in this bibulous proceeding, and the lion's share was divided between her mother and brother.

Champagne drinking is not conducive to early rising; and Ross was up and out without his breakfast by nine o'clock.

When he returned about eleven, Laura was lounging over a novel, and madame had just made her appearance.

"Ma foi!" she exclaimed, "no breakfast yet. Of what can Fadette be thinking. I never knew her to be so late before."

"If you had not so completely emptied those champagne bottles, one might know how to account for her laziness," said Laura, yawning.

"Fadette! Fadette!" screamed Madame.

No answer.

"I can't account for this. It has never happened before."

"You had better go and waken her," suggested Laura. "Where on earth do you stow her away?"

Madame entered the little kitchen. Fadette was not there.

"I have not seen Inez yet," said Laura, in sudden alarm.

"She's safe enough," returned madame. "I found her door locked as usual this morning; but Fadette forgot to bring me the key last night."

Laura rose. "I will go up and see for myself."

Ross Burleigh had not attended to the conversation. He did not believe that Inez had sufficient spirit to escape, and then, relying on Laura's knowledge of her character, he was sure she would not break the promise she had given.

When Laura had left the room he drew a small box from an inner pocket in his coat, and from the box took the Ruby. He placed it, enclosed in a mass of cotton, on the table.

"There," he said, sulkily addressing madame. "There! That is the De Lancy Ruby. Look at it; but remember it goes back to bank within this hour."

He had the intention of placing it in bank. The fate of his father had warned him that it was an unsafe article to carry about his person. Madame was suspected of having tried, by foul means, to wrest the gem from her late husband, and Ross was wary. Among the Indians he, as the possessor of the Ruby, would have felt more secure, for they regarded the guardian of the Sea of Fire as a sacred being. And Burleigh was right. When Antonio the Avenger had killed the elder Burleigh, he had done the deed because the Englishman had flagrantly cheated him in a game of chance. Antonio had searched the body for valuables, and found the object of his hopes and dreams—the Sea of Fire. It is not probable, however, that the supposed sanctity communicated by the gem would have prevented him from satisfying the ruling passion of his savage nature—revenge.

With trembling fingers, madame clutched the stone. Madame's face and figure, as she stood gazing on the Ruby, would have offered a perfect model to a sculptor meditating a statue of avarice.

She approached the light, her greedy eyes drinking in the glow of the gem.

She stood near the window in silence for a moment. She turned the stone in her hand. Her face became ghastly in hue. Hurriedly she drew out her glasses, and minutely scrutinized the gem.

"Ross," she said, contemptuously, "you cannot deceive me by pretending that this stone is the real De Lancy Ruby."

"I have no intention of deceiving you. You insisted on seeing the Ruby, and you see it now."

"Ross," she said, "is this the stone you took from young De Lancy? Say that it is not, and I will forgive this cheat—this—"

"Do you think I am a fool?" demanded Burleigh, angrily seizing the stone. "Do you think I am a fool to give way to every caprice of yours? This is the Sea of Fire. I saw Antonio the Avenger give it to Aubrey De Lancy, and from Aubrey De Lancy I took it—the gem you now see."

"Bah! I know the Ruby too well to be deceived by this imitation! Look at it yourself. When you imitated the Ruby, why did you not think of also imitating the crest on the under side? Bah! I am not a child."

"I swear to you that this Ruby is the Sea of Fire!"

"I swear to you that the stone in your hand is not the Sea of Fire. It is not the gem which your father won from Ralph De Lancy long ago in Paris."

Madame Burleigh stood confronting her son. Her countenance and voice expressed scorn and rage.

She was not acting; Ross Burleigh saw that she really believed he was deceiving her. His face grew hard and rigid.

"And you are certain that this stone is—is false?" he asked, in a hoarse, broken voice, watching her countenance with eager attention.

"It is an excellent imitation. Admit that you have tried to deceive me."

"I cannot," he groaned, and he threw the spurious ruby with all his force upon the stone hearth, and crushed it with his feet into a thousand fragments. He was mad with rage and disappointment. "Curse it!" he cried. "Curse the man who has deceived me! The real Ruby I will possess, if I die the instant it is mine!"

Madame Burleigh was as furious as her son, but her fury did not vent itself in words.

"Some one has the great Ruby. Who is it?"

"I do not know," her son answered, moodily.

"We have need of a cool head. Here comes Laura."

Laura entered. A frown was on her brow, and a slight flush on her cheeks. She made an effort to regain her ordinary composure before she spoke.

"Your bird is flown, Rose."

"What?" he cried, raising his deadly-white face from behind his hands. "What?"

"Inez de Vastro has escaped!"

With a loud imprecation, Ross Burleigh arose, and rushed up-stairs.

"He will not find her," said Laura. "Her room is empty. Her bed has not been slept on. I opened the door with my key. Console yourself with the reflection that she has gone off with your precious Fadette, maman."

"Gone!"

Madame clutched her daughter's arm in doubting consternation. "It cannot be true!"

Burleigh came in at this moment. A whirlwind of struggling passion was raging in his heart. Even Laura started at the sight of his face.

He advanced to Madame Burleigh, and raised his arm as if to strike her. Passion rendered his words inarticulate.

"Ross Burleigh! Brute!" cried Laura. "Desist! Lower that arm instantly!"

Burleigh glared at Laura; she returned his look unflinchingly. He did not strike; he merely pointed at the cowering woman.

"Her blunder has ruined me," he said, in a strange, hoarse voice. "Instead of guarding Inez de Vastro as she would her life, she committed the trust to another. Everything is lost. De Vastro's money, the Ruby—"

"The Ruby!"

With forced calmness that was worse than open anger, Burleigh explained.

Laura was taken aback. She stooped and picked up the fragments from the hearth.

"Are you quite certain the stone was false, maman?"

"Certain!" said Madame Burleigh, bitterly. "Only too certain. I suspected the Ruby was false before I had held it an instant; but I was not sure until I saw the under side. On the real stone, an eagle regardant—the De Lancy crest—was traced. On this imitation, an attempt had been made to trace the same figure, but unsuccessfully. The lines were run together, and the crest was in some parts extremely deep and others hardly visible. It was a clever imitation, but no ruby."

Laura, looking at the fragments, felt this to be true.

"Well," she said, with a sigh, "now that our two speculations have failed, we must think of some other plan for making our fortunes. I tell you, Ross, we've not time to waste in unravelling the mystery that surrounds this affair of the Ruby, nor have we time to hunt up Inez De Vastro. She has gone, and left no trace."

"You were a fool to burn that compact before the girl was safely married," he said, savagely.

"Perhaps I was; but I do not think so. If I had not burned it in the presence of Brierwood, she would have suspected treachery, and not consented. That is not the question, however. Our two speculations have failed. We must think of another, and work altogether for its success. For myself, I think I—"

"Now is the time for revealing that wonderful plan of which you spoke yesterday," interrupted Ross, sneeringly addressing his mother from the sofa on which he had thrown himself.

"Now is the time," said madame, speaking with her customary equanimity. "But we have all been over-excited this morning. Physically we need refreshment, mes enfants, and mentally we require quietude. We will try the former, at least."

Madame went into the next room, and soon returned with a tray bearing decanters, glasses, and biscuits.

"Now," she began, sitting down in her favorite rocking-chair. "Now I will tell you a story." And she helped herself to a generous allowance of port. "A story that is not without interest to us all. When you, Ross, and Laura were small children, your father and I lived in Paris. We had opened a salon in a prominent street—a street that was always full of lights and carriages at night. I was young then, and pretty—as pretty as you are, Laura."

Laura shrugged her shoulders.

"Yes, I was young and pretty. I wore silk and lace, pearls and diamonds, and I presided, like a queen, over the salon of my husband. Ma foi! the compliments the men paid me! My eyes were brighter than my diamonds, which were paste, my hair—"

"Skip all that, if you can, ma mère," said Ross, roughly.

"Well, at one time business was brisk. Men came in crowds, and dice and cards were not idle. Among the gamblers came Ralph De Lancy, a handsome, distinguished-looking man. He played every night, and lost immense sums. On his finger a large ruby glowed and flashed—a ruby of a size and beauty inconceivable. My husband and I often watched it. He, my husband, was occupied with other games, he could not just then attend to the American who astonished us all by his recklessness and bad play. 'Wait,' said my husband, when I urged him to win part of the spoil. 'I have watched the American. I can read his thoughts now. To-morrow night when he has lost, I will stake all I possess on the ruby on his finger.' Your father never lost, and so he won the Sea of Fire."

"And from Ralph De Lancy!" exclaimed Laura.

"From Ralph De Lancy. But that is not all. When Ralph De Lancy left the salon that evening, even I, though by no means unused to the despair of ruined gamesters, was amazed by the desperate, hunted look on his face. The next day I expected to hear that his body had been fished from the Seine; but I did not hear it.

"De Lancy had worn the Ruby in a ring on his finger. When your father won the stone, he had refused to part with the ring, and had waited while the Ruby was removed from its setting. Your father, mes enfants," said madame, refreshing herself from her snuff-box, "was a proud and wilful man. Instead of placing the Sea of Fire under lock and key, he insisted on wearing it in a ring as De Lancy had done. Warning, expostulation, entreaty, I lavished on him. In vain.

"In those days of matrimonial felicity, my angels, we had the custom of spending our Sundays in the country, at one of those resorts of pleasure so numerous around gay Paris. One Sunday, in returning from St. Cloud, I think it was, we were rather late, and had entered a dark street, leading to our apartments. My husband was a little in advance. A figure, muffled in a cloak, suddenly sprang from the archway of a porte cochère, and aimed a heavy blow with a club at my husband. He dodged it, crying for help. I screamed. The cloaked figure drew a pistol. My husband struggled to gain possession of it. In the struggle, the cloak was torn aside, and I recognized Ralph De Lancy. The pistol went off; my husband fell with a groan. De Lancy stooped to seize the ring; but a sergeant de ville came up at the moment, and De Lancy fled without obtaining his booty.

"Your father's wound was not mortal, and as parents of a family, it became our duty to make De Lancy pay well for it. He had no money at present, we knew that; but an American friend informed us that, in case of his brother's death—his brother being unmarried—he would inherit a large property. We obtained other particulars also from our American friend.

"My husband and I consulted and came to a conclusion. We looked to the future—to the welfare of our children. 'If everything else fails, we will have a home in America,' my dear husband said, and I assented.

"I went to Ralph De Lancy who was still in Paris. I told him my husband was dead. I threatened to denounce him to the law, unless he signed a paper I had prepared. The poor weak fool trembled and entreated. I was inexorable. At last he signed a paper which deprived his own son of his birthright. Mean-spirited cur!"

"What paper did he sign—what was its nature?" demanded Ross, who had been listening attentively to madame's story.

Madame rose, and went out. Her footsteps were heard crossing the floor of the room above. She returned, bringing a roll of yellow parchment.

On it, in a bold, clerkly hand, were traced the following words which Ross Burleigh read aloud—

"I, Ralph De Lancy, of Belair, State of Maryland, U. S. A., being of sound mind, do hereby certify that Aubrey Ross De Lancy, the reputed son of Robert Burleigh and his wife, Annette Burleigh, is really and truly my lawful son and heir.

"(Signed) RALPH DE LANCY.

"In the presence of us,

"JOHN BRITTON,

"MARIE LASERGE."

"The witnesses," said madame, "were De Lancy's valet and the portress, Marie Laserge. They were not made aware of the contents of the paper until after they had signed. I promised him they should not know—but parbleu! What would you have? I showed them the paper before the ink was dry."

"A notary did not draw up this document?" Ross asked, quietly, though the hand that held the document trembled.

"Ma foi! No—your father did that; it is written in English, you perceive."

"I confess," said Laura, "I don't see the good of it. My father must have been thinking of England with its law of primogeniture and its entailed estates when he wrote that paper. Ralph De Lancy can bequeath his personal property to anybody—"

"So can any man in England," broke in Ross, with a laugh."

"Allow me to finish. But his interest in the De Lancy estate lasts but for his life."

"Nom de diable!" screamed madame. "Only a life-interest!"

"I overheard Ralph De Lancy say it himself."

"We are lost, my children. And to whom will it go?"

"To his son, Aubrey."

"Victory! we are saved! I drink to the health of Aubrey De Lancy!" And she curtsied to her son.

He did not answer; with his head buried in his hands, he had lost himself in thought.

"I doubt if the paper would be worth much in a court of law," said Laura.

"Why?" demanded madame, with a gesture of impatience. "Why? But I care not for law. I have the paper, and I know where to find Ralph De Lancy. I can frighten him," she added, fiercely. "My husband is dead. How can he know that his pistol ball did not kill my husband? And I will swear that it did. If I cannot frighten him, then I will try the law. You comprehend?"

"But why," answered Ross, suddenly, "why did you change my Christian name?"

"Stupid!" cried madame. "Can you not see? The son of De Lancy was named Aubrey. We wanted you to stand in his place. If that relation—whose name we did not then know—should leave a will, bequeathing the property to Aubrey De Lancy—we argued—you would be the heir. If Ralph himself came into the estate, we had no doubt that, armed with this paper, we could force him to acknowledge you."

"We have talked enough," said Laura, "we must now decide on some plan of action. I think I had better go to Moulton and reconnoitre."

"And catch old Ralph De Lancy," suggested her brother, sneeringly.

"And why not?" she asked, coolly. "The estate will come to you, at any rate. If I were Mrs. Ralph De Lancy, I might help you somewhat. I can pave the way for you. There are many things you must know before you can take the place of the real Aubrey De Lancy."

"Laura is right," said madame. "Your best course, Ross, will be to give no thought to Inez de Vastro or the Ruby, until we see how our present speculation turns out."

"I think you are right," he answered, slowly.

"I'll advertise for a situation as governess or companion in some of the Pennsylvania papers. Moulton is the place where the De Lancy property is situated. Is Moulton a town?"

"Yes," said madame, who had studied the subject. "It is a small straggling town, not far from Philadelphia. The De Lancy house and grounds are on the bank of the Schuylkill."

Laura made no reply. After a short silence, she took her brother's arm, and led him to the window. The two carried on a whispered conversation.

"Ah," muttered madame. "Throw me over, Ross Burleigh, if you dare! I have a card in reserve yet. If I am forced to play it, you will moult your borrowed plumage, mon beau garçon."

And, chuckling, she helped herself to more wine.

But a change came suddenly over her face. She seemed to be suffocating. She moaned, and tried to cry out.

"Ross, Laura!" she gasped. "Dying—wrong—for your sake."

She fell heavily to the floor.

(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 30.)

HOW THE GATES CAME AJAR.

AN ITALIAN LEGEND.

'Twas whispered one morning in Heaven
How the little child-angel May,
In the shade of the great white portal,
Sat sorrowing night and day.
How she said to the stately warden—
He of the key and bar—
"Oh, angel, sweet angel! I pray you,
Let the beautiful gates ajar,
Only a little, I pray you,
Let the beautiful gates ajar!

"I can hear my mother weeping:
She is lonely; she cannot see
A glimmer of light in the darkness
Where the gates shut after me.
Oh! turn me the key, sweet angel,
The splendor will shine so far!"
But the warden answered: "I dare not
Let the beatiful gates ajar!"
Spoke low and answered: "I dare not
Let the beautiful gates ajar!"

Then up rose Mary, the Blessed,
Sweet Mary, Mother of Christ;
Her hand on the head of the angel
She laid, and her touch sufficed.
Turned was the key in the portal,
Fell ring'ng the golden bar;
And lo! in the little child's fingers
Stood the beautiful gates ajar!
In the little child-angel's fingers
Stood the beautiful gates ajar!

"And this key for no farther using,
To my blessed Son shall be given,"
Said Mary, Mother of Jesus—
Tenderest heart in Heaven.
Now, never a sad-eyed mother
But may catch the glory afar;
Since safe in the Lord Christ's bosom
Are the keys of the gates ajar;
Close hid in the dear Christ's bosom,
And the gates *forever* ajar!

HELEN L. BOSTWICK.

The Story of Dickens and His Wife.

WHY THEY SEPARATED.

Mr. Forster, the friend and biographer, in his third volume just published, tells the story thus: Despising society, and failing to find in his home those satisfactions which the true home-life demands, a tone of restlessness became apparent about 1857. If Dickens had any social tendencies, it was for those beneath rather than those above him in life. This is attributed to defects of temperament coming from early trials and successes. Mastering fortune and fame, he did not attain renunciation and self-sacrifice. Until "Copperfield" was finished his life was in his books. His friendships were with the creatures of his rich and marvellous fancy. Combined with habits of singular precision, method and order, he had an impatience of nature, rushing at enjoyment without counting its cost. After "Copperfield," his imagination seemed to fail, to want a spur. While his subsequent works embodied creations of character and humor as fine as any in his earlier days—Marigold, Lirriper, Pip—he had lost the old free and fertile method. So, as Mr. Forster noted, "there came from time to time intervals of unusual impatience and restlessness, strange to see in connection with his home."

Old pursuits were laid aside for new occupations and excitements—political addresses, private theatricals, readings, "strollings, wandering ways," a craving to find some means by which life might become easier. This craving called from Forster the remonstrance of friendship, and to one of these entreaties we find Dickens, in 1857, saying, sadly, "I have no relief but in action. I am becoming incapable of rest. I should rest, break and die if I spared myself. Much better to die doing."

Other letters breathe strange yearnings. At one time he wishes to live in the Pyrenees for six months. Then he has an idea of living in Switzerland, above the snow line, in "some astonishing convent." "Am altogether in a dishevelled state of mind—motes of new books in the dirty, dirty air." "Why is it," he cries, "that a sense comes along crushing on me, as of one happiness I have missed in life and one friend and companion I have never made?"

Again the "serious idea" of a winter on the top of Mount St. Bernard, with the monks and dogs for a whole winter. Another time his fancy flies to Australia, only he will finish "Little Dorrit" before leaving. "The old days! the old days!" he moans; "shall I ever, I wonder, get the frame of mind back as it used to be then?" "I feel that the skeleton in my domestic closet is a pretty big one."

THE CLOUD FALLS.

Then came the sorrowful avowal—not altogether unexpected, says Mr. Forster, but "a great shock, nevertheless." "Poor Catherine," writes Dickens—Catherine being his wife—"and I are not made for each other, and there is no help for it. It is not only that she makes me uneasy and unhappy, but that I make her so, too, and much more so. She is exactly what you know in the way of being amiable and complying; but we are strangely assorted for the bond there is between us. God knows she would have been a thousand times happier if she had married another kind of man, and that her avoidance of this destiny would have been at least equally good for us both. I am often out to the heart by thinking what a pity it is, for her sake, that I ever fell in her way."

"Nothing on earth could make her understand me, or suit us to each other. Her temperament will not go with mine." "What is now befalling me I have seen steadily coming since Mary was born, and I know too well that you cannot, and no one can help me."

Again another letter: "The years have not made it easier to bear for either of us; and, for her sake, as well as mine, the wish will force itself upon me that something might be done."

And again: "I claim no immunity from blame. There is plenty of fault on my side, I dare say, in the way of a thousand uncertainties, caprices and difficulties of disposition; but only one thing will alter all that, and that is the end which alters everything."

THE END.

This was in 1857. In 1857 Mr. Dickens and his wife lived apart. "The eldest son went with his mother, Dickens at once giving effect to her expressed wish in this respect; and the other children remained with himself, their intercourse with Mrs. Dickens being left entirely to themselves." They never met during the remainder of their lives. She had lived with him a quarter of a century and borne him ten children. She was the wife of his youth and his fame.

Before he died he coldly wrote these words about her in his will: "I desire here simply to record the fact that my wife, since her separation by consent, has been in the receipt from me of an annual income of £600, while all the great charges of a numerous and expensive family have devolved wholly upon myself." The man who dismissed his wife and who wrote these words was the creator of Agnes, and the sweet, beautiful story of love and devotion which that fanciful life contained. It is not for us to look deeply into the hearts of men like Dickens and Byron or Shakspeare—but rather to take from their lives the inspiration of genius. But this narrative, even as Mr. Forster tells it, is a sad story.

WHAT SHE THOUGHT.

A foolish little maiden bought a foolish little bonnet,
With a ribbon and a feather and a bit of lace upon it;
And that the other maidens of the little town might know it,
She thought she'd go to meeting the next Sunday, just to show it.

But though the little bonnet was scarce larger than a dime,
The getting of it settled proved to be the work of time;
So when 'twas fairly tied, all the bells had stopped their ringing,
And when she came to meeting, sure enough the folks were singing.

So this foolish little maiden stood and waited at the door,
And she shook her ruffles out behind and smoothed them down before.
"Hallelujah! Hallelujah!" sang the choir above her head—
"Hardly knew you! Hardly knew you!" were the words she thought they said.

This made the little maiden feel so very, very cross,
That she gave her little mouth a twist, her little head a toss;
For she thought the very hymn they sung was all about her bonnet,
With the ribbon and the feather and the bit of lace upon it.

And she would not wait to listen to the sermon or the prayer,
But pattered down the silent street and hurried up the stair,
Till she reached her little bureau, and in a bandbox on it
Had hidden safe from critic's eye her foolish little bonnet.

Which proves, my little maidens, that each of you will find
In every Sabbath service but an echo of your mind;
And that the little head that's filled with silly little airs,
Will never get a blessing from sermons or from prayers.

Wilfred Menteith's Christmas-Box.

CHAPTER I.

"No!" The word was uttered in a clear, emphatic, manly voice.

"Oh, Wilfred!" exclaimed Flora Menteith, at this, as she deemed, heartless decision of her brother's.

"No, I repeat. I have no other answer to give."

"And Celia is breaking her heart for you!" remonstrated Flora.

"Her heart," Wilfred echoed, bitterly, "her heart!"

"The truest and kindest in the world," said his sister. "If you throw it away, as you seem unaccountably bent on doing, you will never, in all your life, find any one to love you as she has loved you, Wilfred."

"Heaven forbid that I ever should! And Heaven forbid that I should ever love woman again as I have loved her!"

"What do you mean, Wilfred?" asked Flora. "Why are you so changed? I am really puzzled and miserable!"

"Don't fret, my dear. It is not your fault, and it is beyond your remedy."

"But what is the reason?" persisted Flora. "I am so fond of Celia; and I thought, when you were married at Christmas, that we should all be so happy. Why is it all altered?"

"You had better ask Celia herself," suggested Wilfred.

"She knows no more than I do. She is quite as much in the dark, and just as unhappy."

"Then you have asked her?" questioned Wilfred.

"Certainly I have—at least, when your dreadful letter came, I told her that I had heard that your engagement was broken off, and that you were going abroad. I asked her if she could tell me why; and she could not—she could offer no explanation."

"Of course not! She has gained her object, and thrown the quarrel at my door—and she is satisfied!"

"Wilfred, how can you be so cruelly unjust? You know Celia as well as I do—you know how good and true and generous she is. I cannot guess what reason you have for being angry with her; but, whatever it may be, I am sure you deceive yourself." And pretty Flora Menteith—perched disconsolately on the edge of an old-fashioned cabinet on which her brother had established her, out of the litter of clothes, books, linen, and a hundred and one unnecessary necessaries with which his room was covered—absently tore some of his blue official envelopes into minute fragments, and scattered them over the floor. "There—your housekeeper will be obliged to sweep that up, and some of the dust will come with it; then, perhaps, we shall be able to see the pattern of the carpet at last! What a bright idea!"

Her brother was on his knees, rapidly filling trunks and tin boxes with all sorts of incongruous articles, and did not even condescend to look up in response to this sally.

"You are packing very badly, Wilfred! I saw a pair of boots go right on top of your collars—and oh, that bottle of macassar! The stopper will be sure to come out and spoil all your coats and waistcoats if you don't wrap it up in something!"

Wilfred raised his head, half inclined to scold his sister for her frivolity, but, seeing the large tears in the pretty blue eyes, and the saucy lips quivering painfully, he checked himself.

"I talk nonsense because I am afraid of breaking down altogether, Wilfred. Don't go abroad—there's a dear boy! I'm sure it will all go right with Celia, and I can't spare you—indeed I can't!"

"Poor little girl! I don't like to leave you, Florrie; but you will soon be happy again with Aunt Agatha and the babies. As to Celia, understand once for all that nothing will ever be right between us again, and that the best thing our friends can do for us is to be silent on the subject."

The brother and sister were in a large room, forming a part of a set of chambers in the Temple. The windows, darkened by dust, and shaded by the thick branches of some fine old trees standing in the gardens below, admitted little light. The paneled walls, the heavy furniture, blackened by age, the abundant litter of pens, ink, and repelling-looking books, were oddly out of keeping with the bright airy little figure in fresh pink-and-white llama, and chip hat with a wreath of rosebuds and forget-me-nots, perched on the cabinet, who looked more like a Dresden-china shepherdess, slightly exaggerated in size, than an ordinary mortal.

People were always doubtful, when first introduced to Flora, whether she was child or woman. Her figure, hands, and feet were childishly small; her features and expression had the soft simplicity of childhood. Even the light locks of hair which lay in fair rings on her forehead were like those of a child; but when, from beneath their shade, a glimpse was caught of the wonderful dark eyes, there came a revelation of thought and feeling that could belong only to a woman.

This perplexing mixture of youthfulness and womanliness in her appearance, which extended also to her spirits, manners, and tastes, had been as it were a fortune to Flora. For, when his children had grown too old for nursery surveillance, Lord Menteith, who had a horror of their becoming precociously sedate and formal under scholastic discipline, counterbalanced the inevitable governess by introducing their Cousin Flora to play with them and "keep them young." So the portionless orphan, with her bewitching gayety, grace, and tenderness, was taken as an elder daughter into the Menteith household.

While Flora still sat thoughtfully balancing herself on her elevated seat, a firm and rather heavy step rapidly ascended the stairs, and some one knocked at the door, entering at the same moment.

"Oh, Mr. Elphinstone," exclaimed Flora, "I want to speak to you so much!" Then, not thinking her position sufficiently dignified for a serious conference, she added, tranquilly, "Help me down, please."

George Elphinstone was not at all a "ladies' man." He had never in his life been able to pay "small attentions" with the unembarrassed lightness of a practised cavalier; rather were they coupled with a clumsiness which made them marked and disconcerting. He had already been sufficiently disturbed by seeing this dazzling apparition enthroned among his friend's dusty and rarely-opened law-books, and his confusion was completed by her startling request.

He did not know how, to set about his task—the cabinet was clearly too high for him to give her his hand for a jump. He looked round for help, but Wilfred was audibly washing his hands in the farther room. Mr. Elphinstone drew a long breath of perplexity and submission, and then, clasping the fairy waist, which his hands might almost have spanned, he placed Flora safely on the floor.

She thanked him demurely, and forthwith, with a sudden, searching glance from those lovely eyes, proceeded with her inquiry—

"What is the trouble between Wilfred and Celia, Mr. Elphinstone?"

He was altogether taken at a disadvantage, and hesitated and stammered in a manner most unlike his usual cynical coolness.

"I—I really do not know," he at last began.

"It is not of the slightest use for you to say that you don't know," interrupted Flora, severely; "and it is quite beneath you to equivocate."

"I was not about to deny that I knew the facts, Miss Menteith," explained the culprit, humbly; "I intended to say that, if Wilfred had not told you them himself, I did not know that I was at liberty to do so."

"Quite right, George," said his friend, joining them. "Spoken with your usual judgment. Well, have you found out about my ship?"

"Leaves Southampton to-morrow at four o'clock."

"Oh, Mr. Elphinstone, if you won't tell me anything, or help me in any way to clear up this mystery about Celia, at all events persuade Wilfred not to go to India!"

"I cannot, Miss Menteith," said George, sadly.

"Why not? Surely you will be sorry to see him go? Surely you wish to keep him here?"

"Most sincerely I do. I shall be lonely enough in this den when he is gone."

"Then help me to make him stay with us," suggested Flora.

"I cannot. For his own sake, the best thing for him is to go."

"Oh, how can you say so? I declare you are as cruel as he is!" cried Flora.

"Come, Flora, it is time you were back at Cavendish Square," said her brother. "Will you ride or walk?"

"Walk, of course—then I shall be with you a little longer; and I may come to Southampton and see you off to-morrow—if you really will go?"

Wilfred hesitated, but could not resist his sister's imploring face.

"If Flora goes to Southampton with us, will you take her home, George?"

"Most gladly—if she will allow me."

* * * * *

In the glowing July sunshine, Wilfred Menteith, on the deck of the Aureole, said good-bye to his nearest relative, his dearest friend, and his kind, motherly aunt, who had been the earthly guardian of their childhood, and who voluntarily had made perhaps as great a self-sacrifice as any she had been called upon to make in all her comfortable life by rising at some unprecedentedly early hour that warm morning in order to gratify the wish of "those random children" to spend Wilfred's last hour on English soil together.

It quickly passed, bringing Wilfred but little regret, save for the three who were being hurried back into their boat, and who withheld their tears that they might not lose one last look or parting wave of the hand.

Poor Lady Menteith, utterly worn out by her exertions, slept nearly all the way back to London; and George Elphinstone devoted himself to cheering and soothing Flora, much as he might have done to a broken-hearted child—with such good effect, however, that, when they roused Lady Menteith at Waterloo Station, Flora was smiling and blooming again, though, in somewhat April fashion, through an occasional glimmer of tears.

In the fulness of her gratitude for this result Lady Menteith, who had a horror of seeing people unhappy, said, as she shook hands with George, before entering her carriage—

"I am sure that you will be very dull in your chambers now that Wilfred is gone, Mr. Elphinstone. Pray come often to Cavendish Square—we shall be very glad to see you."

And George Elphinstone—a vowed Benedict, a woman-hater, a confirmed old bachelor of thirty-two—gratefully assented.

CHAPTER II.

Shortly before the departure of the Aureole, Wilfred Menteith and George Elphinstone were hurrying along the esplanade at Folkestone, in earnest conversation.

"You are quite sure," inquired the latter, "that this will not affect your engagement?"

"Quite certain. Celia and her father are the most unselfish, unworldly people that ever breathed. Of course it may delay our marriage a little—it probably will—yet I must look more to my profession than I have ever done hitherto. But I know it will make no ultimate difference."

George Elphinstone looked gravely at the enthusiastic face, glowing with feeling, turned toward him. He had had a longer and harsher experience of the world's ways than Wilfred, and he did not feel so sanguine as his friend.

"I can't help wishing that you had written to tell them all about it before coming down," he said.

"Oh, it wasn't at all necessary; they will be sure to have heard of it by this time from some friend."

"That is just what I should have prevented. I wish you had been the first to tell them."

"Well, but," urged Wilfred, determined to be in the right, "anyhow they must have seen it in the paper—everybody knows by this time."

"I have not seen it in any paper. Whom did your uncle marry? It was quite a sudden affair, was it not?"

"Yes, and most startling to me. Sir Hugh went to Cowes, as usual, soon after Christmas, and when he returned wrote to me that he had met the woman for whose sake he had kept single all his life; that she was a widow, and that he hoped shortly to make her his wife. I was astounded, I assure you."

"Yes, it will make some alteration in your prospects. Adieu to Hillfield and the baronetcy. It makes a very different match, too, for Celia Diprose to become plain Mrs. Menteith instead of Lady Hillfield, and live in some suburban villa instead of at the Hall."

"George, what a Job's comforter you are!" cried Wilfred, impatiently. "Of course I know all that, but the Diproses are not at all the sort of people to break faith on that account. It is not as though it reduced me to beggary. My uncle says he shall always continue my allowance—which is a handsome one—and take care that it is secured to me; and I am to consider Hillfield as much my home as ever. I must work a little harder, however; but Celia and I will show you, George, how happy two people who love each other can be on a very moderate income."

"Why did you not tell the Diproses at once?"

"Because my uncle strictly charged me to tell no one till he was actually married—and that was only last week, after all."

"Well, I hope it will turn out all right."

"Oh, you will see soon enough. After an hour's walk, you will share my welcome, and wonder how you could ever have hinted at coldness or fickleness in the Diproses."

So joyous, so secure, so unshaken was Wilfred in his happy confidence that he inspired his more anxious friend with somewhat of the same spirit, and they walked gayly on, enjoying the fresh sea-breeze, and criticising the various groups whom they met or passed.

Wilfred had many greetings to return; for his frequent visits to the Diproses, who lived but a few miles beyond Folkestone, had made him known to all their circle.

Suddenly he grasped Elphinstone's arm, his handsome face lighting up with proud and tender admiration.

"By Jove, George," he cried, "there is Celia herself just coming down the esplanade! This is fortunate; we can all go to The Limes together. Come, make haste, there's a dear old fellow!"

Approaching them was a radiant vision—a girl so lovely, that all eyes were bent upon her, and looking once, could hardly turn away.

She was a little above middle height, with a graceful figure, and that far rarer charm, a graceful walk, with a free erect carriage of the head, the beautiful shape of which was shown to advantage by a glossy coronet of natural plaits, with magnificent hazel eyes shaded by long lashes a little darker than the bright chestnut hair, a delicate yet glowing complexion, varying with every shade of feeling, and features lovely in themselves, but lovelier from their frank, gentle, trustful expression—here was a face to admire much, but love more.

"Well, I don't wonder," thought George Elphinstone to himself, "that Wilfred is so wrapped up in this girl."

She did not see them at first as they advanced; she was talking with great animation to a tall, military-looking man, older than herself, on whose arm she leaned, and did not observe the two friends till Wilfred, his face beaming with delight, was by her side with outstretched hand.

Then she turned, glanced at him with perfectly unrecognizing coldness, and walked on.

The little scene passed very swiftly and in utter silence; but several pedestrians looked round, struck by something dramatic in the position of the chief actors—especially in Wilfred's undisguised, uncontrollable amazement and dismay.

Elphinstone was by his friend's side in a moment, and, putting his arm through Wilfred's, drew him away.

"What does it mean, George?" he asked, confusedly. "I—I can't understand it."

"I am very much afraid, my dear boy, that it means what I half anticipated. The heir of Hillfield and the briefless barrister are such very different personages that Miss Diprose, though well acquainted with the one, does not recognize the other."

"I don't know that I can believe it, George. I trusted so thoroughly in her disinterestedness. I could have staked my life on her truth."

"Who was with her?" asked Elphinstone.

"I don't know. I did not notice. I saw only her."

For a time they walked aimlessly on, their only apparent object being to lose the sense of mental disturbance in physical fatigue.

Elphinstone, who had at first dreaded some wild outbreak of rage and disappointment from Wilfred, began to find the silence oppressive.

"I feel actually stunned," said Menteith, at last. "It is as though Celia had lifted her hand and struck me in the face. I wonder how a woman feels when she takes a heart in her hand and crushes out of it all hope and faith, every good impulse and high ambition."

"No woman has it in her power to do that," observed Elphinstone. "There is always work to be done and pleasure to be had in doing it well."

"But not always strength to do it. I tell you, George, by this one act Celia has ruined my life. Where am I to look for truth if she is false? How can I believe in goodness when she, whom I thought the embodiment of generous constancy, forsakes me at the first reverse of fortune? I tell you my life is worthless to me now, and I don't care how, or where I throw it away."

Elphinstone's heart ached as he looked at the young face, so changed within the last hour—become white, careworn, and gloomy—and heard the vibration of indignant pain in the pleasant voice.

"I know what you feel, Wilfred," he said, kindly. "But you will get over it, as we get over everything—except death. The knowledge of her unworthiness will help you after a time, though it's the worst part of the business now."

"To think that I should be so utterly, cruelly, wretchedly deceived! I cared nothing for the loss of money and title, absolutely nothing, while I had her love; and losing that, I have lost everything!"

"Is it possible," asked George, "that she thinks you ought to have been more candid with her, and is vexed with you for leaving her to learn from other lips what so nearly affects you both?"

"No—it is more than that. Celia was never ultra-sensitive, or quick to resent trifles. If that had been all, she would have told me of it when we met, and forgiven me because I had been in trouble. She must have meant to break off our engagement in a manner so painful and so final as to leave me no wish or power to appeal."

"What shall you do? Shall we go to The Limes now?"

"To what purpose? How could I meet her after such an insult? I should either despise myself for becoming again the fool of her beauty and my love, or be more violent than a man ought to be with any woman. No—I shall never enter their doors again!"

Elphinstone thought, on the whole, that it was better so, especially as he suspected that a stronger influence than pique with Wilfred, or disappointed ambition, had wrought the change in Celia, and that, if Wilfred went to The Limes, he would be exasperated by finding there a favored rival.

The two friends returned to London that night, and for the next few feverish weeks Elphinstone devoted himself to Wilfred.

Elphinstone had been through the fire himself, and the ordeal had left him a little hardened and roughened outwardly, perhaps with little care for or belief in the graces of life, but with readier sympathy for the griefs and willingness to supply the needs of others.

For Wilfred he had even womanly tenderness and patience. He did not remonstrate with his anger or ridicule his despair. He would busy himself for hours with books and papers, never obtruding questions or condolence, when it suited the younger man to remain at home in moody silence. He would walk with him the whole long summer night, through city streets or dreary suburbs, or where the moonlight silvered even the murky Thames, and made old Chelsea doubly picturesque. He showed no resentment, and felt none, when sometimes his companionship was ungraciously accepted, sometimes querulously rejected.

"No—I will neither quarrel nor let you quarrel, Wilfred," he would say, good-humoredly. "You may cut up as rough as you please with me, dear boy." He felt sufficiently rewarded by Wilfred's muttered—

"You're a good fellow, Elphinstone, and, if ever my life is worth anything again, I shall owe it to you alone."

George Elphinstone saved his friend from solitude, as well as from himself. But he saw clearly that a thorough change was needed to rouse him from the mingled indolence and restlessness of his daily life.

And therefore, when pretty Flora entreated Elphinstone to urge her brother to reject the appointment which Lord Menteith had offered him in India, George sagely shook his head, and said Wilfred must go—it was "the best thing for him."

CHAPTER III.

The prettiest room at The Limes was the breakfast-room. Its French windows, which adjoined a rustic old porch over which roses and jessamine and clematis twined in friendly rivalry, opened on an old-fashioned flower-garden, the beds of which, bordered with turf and intersected by gravel paths, were crowded with sweet-scented flowers, musk, mignonette, stocks, heliotrope. A grassy bank, which in spring was studded with violets, primroses and the fairy-like wood-anemone, led to a thick hedge of roses and syringa, which parted off the vegetable garden, itself delightful to walk in, with its shady fruit-trees nodding over the low moss-grown wall, its pungent herbs, and its hot-houses glistening in the morning sun. Inside the deep porch were neatly-contrived brackets, on which stood geraniums, fuchsias and other brilliant plants, and from the top hung a large gilt cage in which Celia's favorite canaries chirped merrily.

They could not now win a smile from their beautiful mistress.

Celia still poured out her father's coffee, listened to the scraps of information which he read to her from the Times, answered when he was inclined to talk, and sang his favorite songs when he asked for music; they walked and rode together as usual, paid visits, and received friends; the "letter" of their lives was in all respects the same—but the spirit had flown.

The change made Mr. Diprose seriously uneasy. He had nothing tangible to complain of; every wish of his was remembered, every suggestion agreed to. But he would gladly have exchanged all this gentle indifferent acquiescence for one burst of merry wilfulness, such as had tormented and amused him of old.

In gaining his fortune Mr. Diprose had lost all his family but Celia, for whose sake he had quitted the land which gave him so much wealth and so much misery, and the home which, before it witnessed so many partings, was the scene of a happy married life.

"Not only joy, but grief, endears;" and Mr. Diprose would willingly have passed the quiet evening of his days where he had spent their bright meridian. But the transparent fairness of Celia's cheek warned him that she needed a more temperate climate, and, as he could not endure to be parted from his last treasure, they sailed for England together.

Most of his plantations Mr. Diprose sold, retaining only his house and the immediately surrounding estate, which he placed under the care of his steward. He disliked the idea of his early home's passing into strange hands, and cherished an idea that some day he might revisit it.

He never regretted the sacrifice that he had made. Celia grew so blooming, high-spirited and beautiful that her companionship was his daily delight. No amount of indulgence could "spoil" her, in the sense of making her selfish, indolent, or ill-tempered. And, if she was at times a trifle exacting and imperious, she was so graceful and warm-hearted, so joyous and sincere, that in every mood she seemed the best and brightest of every company.

Of course she was widely admired, and many of her admirers would gladly have acknowledged deeper and stronger feelings; but Celia, with all her graciousness, was not very approachable. She did not make many intimate friends even among her own sex, and looked rather scornfully on the thousand and one school-girl "devotions." Flirting was a thing to her not only distasteful but impossible, and triflers used to vow themselves "quite afraid" of Miss Diprose.

Doctor Stanworth, her father's oldest friend, whose neighborhood had determined Mr. Diprose's choice of a residence, watched the development of Celia's character with speculative interest.

"You must take care that she falls in love with the right man, Diprose," he used to say; "for nothing short of death will make her fall out again."

Accordingly the doctor saw with satisfaction that Wilfred Menteith was becoming a favorite at The Limes.

"Celia has the stronger mind of the two, and he is rather boyish for her to have taken a fancy to him, but that is often the case with your high-spirited girls. I've known Wilfred from his cradle, and a more honorable, straightforward, affectionate lad I never met."

"Then you think I may trust Celia to him, Stanworth?" asked the anxious father.

"To be sure you may—rather than to any one else in the world. But it's no question of your trust now, old fellow; she has made up her mind, and all you have to do is to give the young couple your blessing and an odd thousand or so."

Mr. Diprose did not argue the point. He had often thought with uneasiness how lonely Celia's position would be if he were taken from her; and liking Wilfred heartily himself he looked forward with satisfaction to seeing them comfortably settled.

The Hillfield baronetcy and estates, to which Wilfred was heir presumptive, weighed most of all with himself.

Celia regarded wealth and rank with the supreme indifference of one to whom all the gifts of fortune have come unsolicited, and who has never known a wish ungratified; and Mr. Diprose had lived and suffered long enough to feel their insufficiency. They were advantages, of course, to which he was not wholly insensible, but he would not have forbidden the banns because of their absence. He could give Celia enough for comfort—what he longed to insure was her happiness; and for that, affection, good sense, and high principle were the chief requisites.

Wilfred, on the other hand, never tired of dilating on how well Celia would become her future position—what a peerless hostess she would make, what a charming Lady Bountiful. It seemed as though he thought so slightingly of himself in comparison with his idol that he wanted to take in the hand he offered her every fair gift of fortune.

It was the only point on which they differed; for Celia wished him to think more exclusively of his love, and somewhat resented having other considerations pressed upon her notice.

When Flora came on the scene, Mr. Diprose's satisfaction was doubled. Her sweet vivacity took him by storm; and, when Wilfred monopolised Celia, her father was quite content with Flora to light his cigar, answer his letters, and gallop over the country with him.

"The course of true love" seemed for once to be running with unexampled smoothness on to the Christmas which had been fixed for Celia's marriage, when suddenly a letter from Flora, full of anxious terrified inquiry, announced that Wilfred had accepted an appointment in Calcutta, and asked if Celia knew his reason for leaving England.

From that moment Celia's health and spirits failed visibly. She never complained, never repined, never neglected her ordinary duties and pursuits; but her father saw, with an agony of apprehension, her cheeks growing paler, her hands more transparent, her smiles more rare. He dared not confess his fears to her; but every day the dread grew stronger upon him that he should be left alone in his old age.

Had Wilfred remained in England, Mr. Diprose felt that he could have humiliated himself even to seek him out, and ask why he had forsaken Celia. To win back his darling's smiling bloom he would have made any sacrifice of pride, forgiven any fault. Why had Wilfred so rashly put the sea between them, and cut off every chance of reconciliation?

Father and daughter were sitting together at the breakfast-table, turning over their letters with the languor of those whose thoughts are more engrossing, when Mr. Diprose was startled by a cry of mingled surprise and delight from Celia. In a moment she had started from her seat, clasped her arms round her father's neck, and buried a tearful face on his shoulder.

"Oh, papa," she cried, "I knew Wilfred could not have ceased to love me! I don't care for anything now. It is only a mistake. He is a dear, true, cruel, noble—"

"My dear Celia," broke in her father, "I am very glad to hear it, but you forget that I am all in the dark. Have you heard from him?"

"No, papa."

"From Flora, perhaps?" questioned Mr. Diprose.

"No, dear papa."

"Then what in the world have you heard?"

"Oh, I'm so happy I don't know how to tell you soberly; but I'll try;" and Celia released her puzzled father, returned to her seat, picked up the fallen letter, and read aloud the passage which had occasioned so much excitement.

"The note is from Mabel Everard, papa; she's a nice little woman, but horribly worldly, you know. She says—'Whom do you think I met at the Kildares' last night? Why, Sir Hugh Hillfield and the bride! I felt so indignant with the old man that I was half inclined not to speak to him, but they insisted on introducing me to Lady Hillfield. Lady Hillfield, indeed! My poor dear Celia, that is what I had hoped to call you some day. Of course you have had to break off with that nice handsome Wilfred—the "Disinherited Knight" we call him now. I hear that he has gone to India—to forget his disappointment, I suppose. Is it true? Of course it's a terrible come-down to him, and I am so sorry for you. To think of his uncle's marrying at his time of life! Lady Hillfield has been a pretty woman, I should think, but she is quite passée now. She seems amiable, and wears her honors meekly. She was dressed in extremely good taste—a mauve moiré, trimmed with violet velvet,' &c. So you see, papa," cried Celia, triumphantly, "Wilfred has only made a dreadful mistake, thinking to be very generous, and self-sacrificing, and so on. The dear foolish boy! He always counted so much on my being Lady Hillfield; and I suppose his prospects were not sufficiently bright after that expectation was disappointed."

"I wish to Heaven he had had the common sense to come and tell us all about it," said Mr. Diprose, with much annoyance, "instead of running away in that cowardly style!"

"I suppose he means to come back quite a great man in a few years, papa, and offer me a position far above that of a mere baronet's wife."

"And meantime you are to fret yourself ill and make me miserable, and all because of his romantic chimeras!"

"Well, I have a very practical and sensible plan dawning upon me, papa. Doctor Stanworth!" she called—for they had by this time strolled out of the breakfast-room among the flower-beds, and could see their old friend's cheery face nodding to them over the laurel hedge, as he walked his horse down the lane.

"Well, Miss Celia, I'm glad to see you looking rather more blooming this morning."

"Oh, it is only excitement," said she, helping him to twist his bridle-rein round the little wicket-gate when he had dismounted, and then putting her hand most coaxingly through his arm. "You know, dear Doctor Stanworth, how often you have prescribed a sea-voyage for me?"

"Yes, my dear—yes, certainly," responded the good doctor, seeing that he was expected to be very emphatic.

"What should you say to a voyage to India for the cold weather?"

"To India!" exclaimed Mr. Diprose.

"To India!" echoed the doctor, in amazement. Then, as a light began to dawn upon him from Celia's blushes, he added, "To India, by all means, if you start at once."

"I have no objection," said Celia, demurely, "to start as soon as ever papa is ready. I am always glad to carry out his wishes, and he has often expressed the greatest desire to see his old home again."

"Celia, you audacious puss, what is the meaning of all this? Would it really do her good, doctor?"

"I believe it always does a woman good to give her her own way," answered the doctor, dryly. "Besides, I do professionally recommend a voyage."

"That's right," said Celia. "Now it is all settled. We will send Aunt Alice to take care of The Limes, and get away as soon as possible."

CHAPTER IV., AND LAST.

As Christmas approached, the English residents in Calcutta tried to signalize the season by hospitalities such as they had been accustomed to exchange in England, and friends met in handsome city houses or picturesque suburban bungalows as had been their wont in their distant birthplace.

But, however warm the hearts and liberal the hands, the festivities were not the same. Body and spirit alike grew languid in that Eastern land, and many a home-sick longing was expressed for the old country as the season of all others most sacred to English memories drew near.

There was something mournful, too, even in the external beauty of the scene: the dazzling but evanescent loveliness of tropical flowers, the monotonous dripping of fountains, the view through open sun-blinds of shadowy verandahs, their slender columns wreathed with gay-hued climbing plants and lit with Chinese lamps—all seemed to wear the glittering unreality of a dream which a word might dispel.

At least so concluded Wilfred Menteith, as he watched brilliant figures moving under the festoons of palm and acacia branches and clusters of perfumed roses, with which Major Ferrand had made gay his dwelling, and thought how gladly he would have exchanged all their delicate beauty for one spray of English ivy, one spray of scarlet-berried holly.

But perhaps he was not quite an impartial judge. This particular Christmas was to have brought him so much happiness that its approach under such widely different circumstances was intolerably painful.

He had spent his last Christmas at The Limes—three happy quiet weeks; he had gained courage to reveal his love to Celia, and win her promise to be his; and then all had gone well with him. Both Mr. Diprose and Sir Hugh had cordially sanctioned their engagement, the former only stipulating for a year's delay, during which they might all grow better known to each other, and arrangements for the future of the young couple might be quietly and deliberately made.

What changes that year of probation had wrought!

In spite of all his efforts, Wilfred's thoughts would recur to the past; and the gay scene around was far less vivid to him than the twilight hour in the evergreen-decked drawing-room at The Limes, with the ruddy firelight gleaming on Celia's glossy hair, and betraying the filial blushes on her cheeks as she listened to his whispered vows.

"Surely I must be going mad!" he exclaimed, half aloud.

Then, as though grown palpably out of his thoughts, only a few paces from him, so near that it seemed he could stretch out his hand and touch the shining folds of her dress, Celia herself stood before him.

Her head was turned away—she was examining a cluster of bright exotics with the interest which only new arrivals ever show—but he could not possibly be mistaken. The shapely curve of her throat, the graceful poise of her small head, well defined by its close coronet of plaits, the repose of her unstudied attitude, were Celia's and could be Celia's alone.

Wilfred was still gazing spell-bound, when Major Ferrand addressed him.

"Menteith, we are trying hard to make up another set. Let me introduce you to Mrs. Wardour—she has only just come out, and cannot have succumbed to the climate yet."

And before he had sufficiently recovered from his amazement to realize what he was doing, Wilfred found himself bowing to Celia after a rapid sentence from his host, and Major Ferrand was triumphantly leading forward a bashful ensign and a judge's pretty daughter to be their vis-à-vis.

During the quadrille Wilfred half envied, half execrated Celia's composure. Her step was airy, her smile serene, her voice untroubled, as in the old happy days; while anger, jealousy, and unconquered love so raged in Wilfred's heart that he could not trust his voice to utter a syllable, and moved at Celia's side seeing, hearing, conscious of her alone.

When at last he took her to a seat, she said, inquiringly:

"I am afraid our dance must have greatly bored you, Mr. Menteith; you were so distrait."

"Good Heaven! Is not this meeting sufficient cause?" he asked bitterly. "I feel as though struggling to wake from some horrible dream! I envy—no, whatever I may endure, I cannot envy your heartless indifference."

"Except that 'this meeting' is our first, I know nothing remarkable about it," she replied, with tranquil composure, though looking surprised at Wilfred's vehemence.

"Why should you keep up this farce of ignorance? Subterfuge is quite a new accomplishment with you."

"I am at a loss to understand your motive, sir, for insulting a total stranger," she said, rising haughtily; adding, as a fine-looking military man, much her senior, approached them, "Oh, Edgar, you have come just in time to defend me! I have been severely rebuked for not knowing somebody I never saw before in my life!"

"You must be making some extraordinary blunder," said the new-comer, angrily. "I require you to apologize to this lady, who is Mrs. Wardour, and my wife."

"I know that too well; and not long since she was Celia Diprose, and my betrothed."

"Celia Diprose!" exclaimed Mrs. Wardour, with a sudden change of manner. "You have been taking me for my cousin then! What a 'Comedy of Errors!' Well, we are certainly as much alike as two female Dromios. Mr. Menteith, we must all shake hands and be friends. I thought your name was familiar to me, but I could not at the moment remember why."

Poor Wilfred was overwhelmed with confusion.

"Can you possibly pardon my rudeness?" he inquired. "May I plead the misery that my preposterous mistake has occasioned to myself?"

"Of course you may," said Mrs. Wardour, good-humoredly. "I am sorry to have been the innocent cause of so much unhappiness. My mother and Celia's were

twin-sisters and the likeness between them was continually occasioning some absurd contretemps. We children have hitherto been too much apart to get into the same difficulties."

"One question, Mrs. Wardour. Were you at Folkestone last summer?"

"Certainly—on a very brief visit. When we returned from France we went to bid the Diproses good bye, as my husband's regiment was ordered out here."

"What a mad, hasty, egregious fool I have been!" cried Wilfred, with a groan. "If I had but gone to The Limes, I should have found you there, and all would have been explained."

"What was there to explain?" asked Mrs. Wardour. "You forget that I am quite in the dark as to what you are talking about."

"I think we had better adjourn our explanations," interposed her husband, laughing. "Do you know that we are quite a centre of curious observation here? Come and lunch with us to-morrow, Mr. Menteith, and tell us all your story."

Wilfred accepted the invitation gladly, and then went home, too excited to remain among indifferent people and talk on indifferent subjects—bewildered, happy, ashamed of himself, yet, under his confused feelings, conscious of dawning hope.

Next morning he made his way punctually to Azalea Lodge, as the Wardours had named their bowery suburban house; and, as soon as luncheon was over, his beautiful hostess, settling herself comfortably in a low chair, and directing Wilfred to take one near her, said, with a smile which he found distractingly like Celia's—

"Now begin at the beginning, please, Mr. Menteith. Once upon a time there were two lovers, a distinguished youth and a charming girl—of course she was charming, Edgar," she explained, with a laughing glance at her husband, who leaned on the back of her chair, "because she was exactly like me. Go on, Mr. Menteith."

In a short time Wilfred had told his strange story, and confessed to his indiscreet haste.

"Do you think," he asked, anxiously, when he had finished, "that Celia will ever forgive me?"

"It really would serve you right for your absurd precipitancy if I were to say 'No,'" replied Mrs. Wardour; "but I am not naturally cruel, and I believe that, if she is properly and penitently asked, she may be prevailed upon to do so—supposing, of course, that she has not married somebody else, out of pique, in the meantime."

"An alternative too dreadful to be entertained for a moment," put in the colonel. "Besides, judging from the little I saw of your cousin, I should not think it probable."

"No, I am not afraid of that," said Wilfred. "What I really fear is that I shall not be pardoned."

"Oh, yes, Celia will forgive you, but not me," affirmed Mrs. Wardour. "She will be so glad of an excuse for taking you into favor again that all her wrath will be transferred to my innocent head for resembling her so closely. It is lucky for you that there is a scapegoat provided."

"And what do you advise me to do?"

"Write to her fully and frankly by the next mail. Every woman in her secret heart forgives a folly committed for love of her. I will write, too, and plead your cause as strongly as I can. We must try to turn our 'Comedy of Errors' into 'All's Well that Ends Well.'"

Wilfred and Mrs. Wardour duly wrote their letters, but Celia Diprose was destined never to receive them.

Her lover's tortures of suspense while looking for an impossibly early answer were greatly relieved by confiding them to the Wardours. Their sympathy satisfied even Wilfred's large demands. They were always ready to suggest, to conjecture, to encourage him to his heart's content. And, as Mrs. Wardour's family affections were strong, she listened with unfailing interest to his descriptions of Celia and the oft-told story of their brief engagement.

On one point Wilfred was inclined to torment himself desperately. His sister never once mentioned Celia in her long letters, brimming over with all the affectionate gossip so welcome to the expatriated.

To be sure Flora was very much occupied with her own affairs just at that time, having had to tell her brother of her engagement to George Elphinstone.

"Did you ever imagine what an excellent matchmaker you were to prove, you dear old Wilfred?" Flora wrote. "You see we both missed you so dreadfully that we were obliged to meet constantly to talk over our loss; and we were both so exceedingly fond of you that we ended by growing fond of each other. Aunt and Uncle Mentieth are delighted, and are going to do everything as though I were their eldest daughter."

Then followed page after page of glowing description of the wedding-dresses, the arrangements for the ceremony, the pretty villa George had taken, and the "perfect taste" with which he was furnishing it—but still not one word of Celia.

"Perhaps," thought Wilfred, "Flora fancied that the contrast between her prospects and my own would be painful, and therefore studiously avoided the subject."

Still his pride had so far broken down as to allow him to ask whether she ever heard or saw anything of the Diproses, and he thought she might at all events have answered his questions.

Mrs. Wardour invited Wilfred to a large party at Azalea Lodge on Christmas Eve, but he refused to go. The next day had been fixed for his wedding, and solitude and reflection harmonized best with his mood.

Next morning, as he approached his solitary breakfast-table, a small square parcel, carefully secured, and addressed to him, caught his eye.

"A Christmas-box for me, I suppose," he thought, half-smiling. "Let me see what it contains."

Brown paper, white paper, a neat little deal box, then a tiny morocco case. On a strip of note-paper twisted round the latter ran the bewildering legend—"Take this to Azalea Lodge, and see whose finger it will fit;" and on the white velvet lining of the case there glittered a wedding-ring.

Fired by a hope at once so exquisite and so extravagant that he did not give it shape in words, Wilfred hurried to Colonel Wardour's house.

The glowing sunshine no longer seemed too bright for him, the fruits and the flowers too gorgeous, the hum of surrounding life too cheerful. In the glittering radiance of such a land the marvellous might well become possible—even a vision of incredible delight like that to which Wilfred surrendered himself.

When Wilfred arrived at Azalea Lodge there met him two Mrs. Wardours—two Celias. Which was it? Forms whose twin loveliness might well perplex the most familiar eye, aided by intentional similarity in dress, attitude and expression, stood before him.

But Wilfred paused only for a second of incredulous rapture. His heart's election did not need the clue afforded by the vivid blush crimsoning one of the fair faces turned toward him.

He asked no forgiveness, offered no explanation—one look assured him that Celia was unchanged and his own—the next instant she was clasped in his arms.

When Colonel Wardour and Mr. Diprose joined them, neither India nor England could have held a happier family party than that assembled at Azalea Lodge.

"Did Flora know that you were coming?" whispered Wilfred, in the course of the morning. "Why did she not spare me my agony of suspense?"

"Because I would not give her permission. And don't you think, Wilfred," added Celia, with a smile, the tenderness of which belied her words, "that you deserved just a little punishment for all that you have made me suffer?"

By tacit consent all further allusion to past sorrows and misunderstandings was avoided. The future was slightly glanced at. In the course of the following year the Diproses and Wilfred would return to England, and try what Lord Mentieth's interest could do for him there; but the winter was to be spent at Calcutta.

Mrs. Wardour was full of enthusiastic pleasure at the prospect of her cousin's companionship.

"Though I shall never be quite happy, Wilfred," she mischievously whispered, "till I see Celia wearing your Christmas-box."

A Recent Interview with the Chinese Emperor.

The following is the *Chinese* account of the late interview between the Emperor of China and the foreign envoys at Pekin:—

"Since His Majesty's assumption of power, rain and sunshine have succeeded each other in due season, and the public mind has been tranquilly at rest. As regards the audience of the foreign envoys, what they wanted at first was to be carried in sedan chairs within the great gate of the palace (T'ai-ho Mau), and to enter the reception hall wearing their swords. They demanded that the Emperor should descend from his throne, and, with his own hands, receive their letters of credence; but upon this the Grand Secretary, Wen-hsiang, smashing his tea-cup into fragments, sternly opposed the idea, and thus it came to be agreed that the audience should take place at the Tzu kuang Ko on the 6th day of the 6th month. The ceremonies were rehearsed on the preceding day at the Tsung-li Yamen. This was done in an informal way, amid chatting and laughter, and no particular attention was paid to the matter. On the day itself the brigade of Guards was on duty at the west park gate, in bright array and with drawn swords. The French, American, British, Russian, Prussian and Austrian representatives—in all twelve persons from six different countries—were all permitted to wear their swords, and were introduced by the heads of departments from the Tsung-li Yamen within the gateway of the park. As they passed each entrance in succession the gate was looked. On reaching the foot of the dais, the high functionaries of the Tsung-li Yamen led them up the steps. His Majesty having ascended the throne, the envoys were led to the space at its foot, when they performed the ceremony of inclining the body. They did not kneel. By the side of the steps there was placed a yellow table, and the envoys stood in rank to read out their credentials, the British having the leading place. When he had read a few sentences, he began to tremble from head to foot, and was incapable of completing the perusal. The Emperor asked, 'Is the Prince of your country well?' but he could utter no reply. The Emperor again asked, 'You have besought permission to see me time and time again; what is it you have to say?' but again he was unable to make any answer. The next proceeding was to hand in the credentials, but in doing this he fell down on the ground time after time, and not a syllable could he articulate. Upon this Prince Kung laughed loud at him before the entire court, exclaiming, 'Chicken-feather!' and gave orders to have him assisted down the steps. He was unable to move of his own accord, and sat down on the floor, perspiring and panting for breath. The whole twelve shook their heads and whispered together no one knows what. When the time came for the assembly at the banquet, they still remained incapable, and dispersed in hurried confusion. Prince Kung said to them: 'You would not believe that it is no light matter to come face to face with his majesty; but what have you got to say about it to-day? This is what we Chinese call "chicken-feather," and it will be a joke for the whole empire!' At the time (of presentation) the throne was not more than a few paces off, and yet, as (the envoys) themselves declare, they did not get sight of the celestial visage. Everybody says there must have been some divine apparition before their eyes to cause them to tremble and be afraid as it turned out."

Dreams Never Come True.

The women about Evansville are good dreamers. In olden times they would have been regarded as prophetesses, but in these matter-of-fact days they are only empty dreamers. Some time since a watch was stolen, and a woman had a dream which led directly to the recovery of the watch and the arrest of the thief. This was thought to be a remarkable accident. More lately a woman dreamed that a stranger came to her house and asked for a night's lodging. It was given him, but before retiring he slipped his shoes outside the door. In the morning the stranger was gone, and also a considerable sum of money. The woman wakened her husband, told her dream and she was laughed at, as usual. She dreamed it thrice the same night. Some weeks after this her husband had been to town and brought out to his home a good sum of money. In the evening a stranger applied for a night's lodging, and was given a good supper and put to bed in one of the upper rooms. Before the lady retired—with the dream in her mind—she opened the door, and outside she found a pair of shoes in the precise position of the shoes in her dream. She then recalled all the vivid particulars of her vision. The man was all over the thief of her dream. She showed her husband the shoes, and again reminded him of what she had told him that night when he laughed at her so. He now thought there might be something like a warning in it all, so he loaded his double-barreled shot-gun and watched in the room where the treasures were. About midnight, sure enough, the stranger came creeping down-stairs with a dark-lantern in his hand, and began to make a critical examination of the premises. One of the first discoveries he made was the man of the house, sitting with a gun in his hands, keeping guard over his household gods. He told the stranger to leave, and the stranger left. He put on his shoes outside the door and quietly walked away. The woman crowed all the rest of that night. The ungrateful brute told her, however, that dreams never come true, no more did hers, for the man did not get the money.—*Missouri Republican.*

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ Astor owns only seven hundred houses.

☞ No manners are so fine as the most awkward manifestations of good will toward men.

☞ Vassar Instructress: Miss A., give an example of a doubtful affirmative. Miss A. (innocently): Ask papa.

☞ A society belle in Ohio fell down and broke her nose, and was so mortified at the disfigurement that she poisoned herself.

☞ The Washington Star has been investigating the Voodooism which still exists among the colored people of the District.

☞ It is said that, when a Chicago girl quarrels with her lover, she informs her friends that "she isn't on squeezing terms with that fraud any more."

☞ Love-matches are often formed by people who pay for a month of honey with a life of vinegar.

☞ Three old boots, a gaiter and a hoop skirt in front of a house, indicate that the family have moved.

☞ A man in Fillmore county, Wis., recently traded off his wife for a $10 watch, the lady freely consenting to the transfer.

☞ How to become practically acquainted with the "Rule of Three"—Live with your wife, mother, and mother-in-law.

☞ Ex-President Caspedes, of Cuba, was surprised, with three or four of his followers, by the Spanish troops, lately, and killed. His whereabouts was betrayed to his enemies by a negro whose life they threatened to take if he refused to disclose it. The Spaniards carried off the body.

☞ Among the complaints made against the railroad companies in the west, in the novel one that they charge as much for transporting a person weighing only one hundred pounds as they do for a person of two, three or four times that weight.

☞ A Portland photographer's apprentice attempted to commit suicide by taking laudanum, recently, but a friend gave him a dose of strong coffee and made him walk the floor for three hours, and thus compelled him to live. Cause for the act—"She wrote him an unkind letter."

☞ None of my Business.—A lady made a complaint to Frederick the Great, King of Prussia. "Your majesty," said she, "my husband treats me badly." "That's none of my business," said the king. "But he speaks ill of you," said the lady. "That," said he, "is none of your business."

☞ Here is a church "looking for a man who will best pay off their large debt." Which confirms the somewhat cynical remark we once heard made, that in many churches a minister is nothing, after all, but an auctioneer to rent pews.

☞ Make before you spend; save that you may be able to give; work, that you may have the wherewithal to bestow and bless. These are good rules for all, and any departure from them is attended by evil consequences.

☞ The press law of Japan prohibits newspapers from discussing the laws, attacking the government, or publishing any articles of an evil tendency. The penalties vary from the chain gang to being burnt alive, and the penalties are inflicted.

☞ Suicides in Paris are more frequent in spring and autumn than at any other season, and at these seasons they are looked for as a matter of course. The number averages five a day, some days witnessing as many as seven.

☞ Each ant in an ant-hill knows his companions. Mr. Darwin several times carried ants from one hill to another, inhabited apparently by tens of thousands of ants; but the strangers were invariably detected and killed.

☞ J. A. Van Pelt, the reformed saloon keeper, and comrade of Dio Lewis, is a man of large frame, broad, square face, and straggling black beard. He wears a sack-coat made of velveteen. He is a success as a frightful example, but a dead failure as a speaker. J. B. Gough, it is said, charges $200 a night, Dio Lewis $50, and Van Pelt $25.

☞ All the difference—A thief running away is a scamp, but the policeman's chase after him is a scamper.

☞ "Doctor," said a lady to her physician, "don't you think the small bonnets the ladies wear nowadays have a tendency to produce congestion of the brain?" "No, madam. When you see one of those bonnets, there are no brains to congest."

☞ An Ohio man has lived five years on a quart of milk a day.

☞ A man and wife who separated sixteen years ago, by mutual consent, have been re-married, in Montgomery, Ala. They had lived all the time in neighboring towns, but never met; nor had a daughter, born after the separation, ever seen her father until the day of the reconciliation and new marriage.

☞ The London Times publishes a long statement signed Charles Orton, in which the writer confesses that he recognized the Tichborne claimant as his brother the last time he saw him, and his silence was bought with £5 paid monthly for a year and a promise of a thousand or two in addition at the conclusion of the trial.

☞ In Cooperstown they tell a story of an English joker who once visited Fenimore Cooper. Cooper was then the most conspicuous man in the little town. One day, while Mr. Cooper was dining with the Englishman, he poured out some native wine—wine from grapes raised in his own garden. Taking up a glass and looking through it with pride, Cooper remarked—"Now Mr. Stebbins, I call this good, honest wine." "Yes, Mr. Cooper, I agree with you, it is honest wine—'poor, but honest.'" Mr. Cooper went on telling his "Injun" stories.

☞ A Detroit lady of twenty-five has lately married her fifth husband. The gentlemen are all alive and well, the four discarded ones probably the happiest.

☞ It is said that a Washington belle gets but three hours' sleep per day during the fashionable season. An exchange thinks it is enough for her intellect.

☞ Rochester is now entertained by the discussion of a wedding soon to take place in which the groom is a black barber and the bride a white girl. The interest of the public has been excited by the natural opposition of the friends of the latter to the match, but she insists on clinging to her Othello.

☞ The Louisville (Ky.) Journal thus speaks of one of their clergy as a model man: A gentleman invited the Rev. Mr. M—— to ride, and thought he would improve the opportunity for a little serious conversation. "I sometimes think there is something wanting in my life." "Yes," interrupted M——, "you want something that will get up and git, and dust them on the road, better than this old plug you're holding the reins over now."

☞ The Duke of Edinburgh, it is said, parts his hair in the middle. Well, after all that has been said of this parting of the hair in the middle, it is a frailty rather of the head than of the heart.—*Louisville Journal.*

A Cleveland Romance.

A very few if any of the passengers in the Detroit street-car bound for the East Side at nine o'clock Thursday evening understood the matter; we will "rise to explain." The girl was to blame; there can be no doubt about that. No fellow, much less our hero, who stepped upon the rear platform of the car in which she was sitting at the Courtland street crossing on the evening in question, could have withstood the temptation to do just what he did. She sat in one corner endeavoring to read a public library book by the faint light of the lamp above, when the young man entered. She raised her eyes—such eyes!—from the volume, and before the gentleman could take a seat precipitated herself forward, with both arms extended, and hugged and kissed him, shouting, "Oh! Cousin John." It is, perhaps, needless for us to say that the youth was not the fair maiden's cousin, and had never seen her before in his life; but he did not deem it polite to contradict her, and therefore, recovering from the surprise and emotion with which the suddenness of the assault had inspired him, he gained courage and imprinted a couple of smacks upon her damask cheek in return. She did not scream, but smiled lovingly upon him, a smile that smote the youth to the inmost depths of his soul.

"Why, when did you arrive in the city?" said she, at length releasing her hold and seating herself, the stranger doing the same.

"To-night," answered the bogus John at random.

"Then you must come down and see me right off; we will get out of the car at Franklin street."

Such an invitation from such lips was too much for the supposed John, and, although he quaked to the bottom of his fashionably made No. 10 gaiters, it was impossible for him to resist the beauty's urgent entreaties, and when the place was reached he stopped the car, and assisting her out, followed her to her home, which he discovered to be one of the most imposing residences in that portion of the city. He was immediately ushered into the parlor, when the girl departed in search of her mother, whom our hero inwardly wished in Texas. Fortunately, however, she was not at home, and he was permitted an hour of pure happiness, only marred by the fear that some of the ladies' relatives would enter the apartment and detect the imposture. But at the end of that period he found himself sitting very close to the maiden on the sofa, and some way or other, how, the youthful reader can best tell, he explained very gently that he was not John at all, but the short hour in which he had been acquainted with her had inspired an intense feeling of love within his soul, which could only be gratified at the altar. Our tale would not be truthful did we not record that she at first loudly screamed, and became very red in the face, especially on learning of her mistake, but she at last subsided, and when the gentleman left the house, it was with great joy depicted upon his countenance, inasmuch as the wicked feminine had given him some encouragement, at least by inviting him to call again.

Notes on Sleep.

To literary men, preachers, teachers, lawyers, doctors, journalists, and brain-workers in general, the following hints are exceedingly worth attention:

The fact is, that as life becomes concentrated, and its pursuits more eager, short sleep and early rising become impossible. We take more sleep than our ancestors, and we take more because we want more. Six hours' sleep will do very well for a ploughman or bricklayer or any other man who has no exhaustion but that produced by manual labor, and the sooner he takes it after the labor is over the better. But for a man whose labor is mental, the stress of work is on his brain and nervous system, and for him who is tired in the evening with a day of mental application, neither early to bed nor early to rise is wholesome. He needs letting down to the level of repose. The longer the interval between the active use of the brain and his retirement to bed, the better his chance of sleep and refreshment. To him an hour after midnight is probably as good as two hours before it, and even then his sleep will not so completely and quickly restore him as it will his neighbor who is physically tired. He must not only go to bed later, but lie longer. His best sleep probably lies in the early morning hours, when all the nervous excitement has passed away, and he is in absolute rest.

☞ A missionary among the freemen in Tennessee, after relating to some little colored children the story of Ananias and Sapphira, asked them why God does not strike everybody dead that tells a lie, when one of the least in the room quickly answered, "Because there wouldn't be anybody left."

☞ The Iowa State Register, a few days ago, to perpetrate a neat joke, published an account of the finding of immense deposits of proto-oxyde of hydrogen on the banks of the river near that city. Several wise journals, like the Chicago Tribune, "bit," not knowing that proto-oxyde of hydrogen, being interpreted, meant ice.

☞ A London literary paper says of George Eliot's habits of composition: "It is said that on her manuscript she toils tremendously, working on an average six hours a day, and rarely accomplishing in that time more than three or four hundred words. Her labors are so exhausting that she devotes all the remainder of the time to recreation and rest."

☞ Because my Father was.—"I say, old fellow, what are your politics?" asked a wily Aberdeen man, quizzing another. "Conservative; my father was Conservative," he replied. "And what is your religion?" continued the other. "Protestant; my father was a Protestant," was the answer. "And why are you a bachelor?" said the other. "Because my father was—Oh, confound it! don't bother me with your stupid questions."

☞ Josh Billings says: "There iz but phew things on the face of the earth more worthless than a poodle, and yet I am glad there iz poodles, for if there was not there iz sum people who wouldn't have enny object in living, and have nothing to luv."

☞ "Pa, what is the use of giving our pigs so much milk?" "So that they can make hogs of themselves, darling."

☞ A queer case of somnambulism occurred a few evenings since at a factory in Westfield, Conn. One of the workmen being instructed in the evening to carry into the shop the next morning a quantity of wood lying outside, was surprised when the time came to find it all carefully piled. The watchman says that during the night the man did the work according to his instructions, stepping carefully over the things on the floor. The watchman spoke to him several times, but received no answer, and as soon as the job was done the somnambulist went home. The night-worker noticed a feeling of lassitude the next morning and was unable to work during the day.

☞ At a very successful seance in Cincinnati the other night, a man burst into tears when the medium described very accurately a tall, blue-eyed spirit standing by him, with light side-whiskers, and his hair parted in the middle. "Do you know him?" inquired a man at his side, in a sympathetic whisper. "Know him? I guess I do," replied the unhappy man, wiping his eyes. "He was engaged to my wife. If he hadn't died he would have been her husband instead of me. Oh, George, George!" he murmured, in a voice choked with emotion. "why did you pop out?"

☞ Past, Present and Future.—A well-known wealthy Parisian has had himself painted, by an eminent artist, "as he was," "as he is," and "as he will be." "As he was," represents him, at the age of twenty-five, a poor wretch in ragged garments, with his toes peeping through holes in his shoes—slinking, half-famished, by the side of a wall. "As he is," figures him fat and jolly as an alderman, well-dressed, with gold chains decking his waistcoat, and diamond rings blazing on his fingers. And, in "As he will be," he is made a hideous corpse. Not the least singular feature of such a singular freak, is the fact that he has the paintings hung in his drawing-room.

☞ A lady in Poughkeepsie found a little girl in the street crying bitterly, and asked her where she was going, she was so small to be out alone. "Down town to find papa." "What's your father's name?" inquired the lady. "His name is papa." "But what does your mother call him?" "She calls him papa." "What do you want of your papa?" "I only want to kiss him." Just then a sister of the child who was searching for her came and took possession of the little runaway, and told the pitiful story that the child's father, whom it dearly loved, had died recently, and she being tired of waiting had gone out to look for him.

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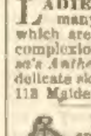

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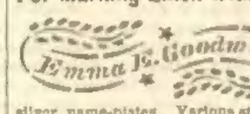

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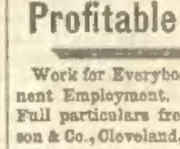

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THROUGH THE BREAKERS.

I.

We were sisters only by adoption; yet I know that the love between us, in those old days, was as great as it could have been if the mothers, of whom only sweet memories were left us, had been one; and as if my father had been Elsie's father too, instead of having pitifully adopted the orphan child, and brought her from a poor and loveless life to share our happy home. I suppose I always knew that he could never grow to love her just as he did his own child; yet even if I had felt he did so, I should only have rejoiced. I am speaking now of the old times, and speaking, too, when I can see those old times lying in the full sunlight of the unsuspicious love we bore each other. We two adopted sisters were a strong contrast. Elsie was a bright, light-hearted girl, with a sunny prettiness, and a happy smile forever rippling on her lips and sparkling in her eyes. We were the same age within a year, yet I always felt much the elder, for my nature was silent and concentrated, dreamy to a fault, and steadfast—so steadfast, that if I had had one aim to pursue, however hopeless, I should have pursued it silently to my death. Yet under my quietness, I knew, even then, that there slept a passionate intensity of feeling which gave me one power greater than Elsie possessed, the power of suffering. She won love and friendship; while I stood isolated, with only her love and my father's to encircle me. She won admiration and esteem from all, and I knew this was well, because suffering to her was weakening as illness; under it she lay passive and helpless, while I met it as I would meet a sorrowful friend, and made my step firm, and my heart strong to support it. But all this was in the old times, before she won (easily, as she won all else) the only love which could have gladdened me; and before that chill gray cloud dropped down between us.

He did not live with us at first, but my father, when his own health failed, persuaded his young partner (to whom the mills would entirely belong after his death) to come and live with us in our great house, upon the hill, at the foot of which the mills lay. So Horace Capon came, and the whole active management of the mills fell into his hands; and, although he was a young man, my father felt the utmost confidence in him. The master was safe in relying on Mr. Capon, the men would sometimes say to us, when we wandered, as we liked to do, over the busy noisy mills; he was one to be trusted. We used to smile at the expression, which seemed to them to mean so much, and when Horace would join us from the offices, what wonder was it if we saw a new power in his handsome face, and in his tone of genial yet irresistible authority? And could we warn each other of the feeling which was growing equally in both our hearts? Could we always remember that for one of us this feeling must end in bitter humiliating pain? It was to me that the pain came at last; very gradually, because it took me such a long, long time to believe it after it was told; yet very suddenly, because I had forgotten, as I said, that this love for Horace, which was growing equally in both our hearts, must end for one of us in bitter and humiliating pain. He had always treated us alike; coming home to us in the evenings, bringing a new element of strength and gaiety; interesting us no less than my father, and amusing and brightening my father no less than us. There was more laughter when he chatted with Elsie; but more earnestness when he talked with me. If he sang oftener with Elsie, he rode oftener with me; and if he fell beside Elsie oftener when we walked together, it was beside my chair that he would draw his own when he read aloud to us at night. And so the months sped on most happily for us, so equally loved and cared for that what wonder was it, as I said, that we forgot how this must end in bitter humiliating pain for one?

I forget how it was that there first dawned on me the knowledge of one of my father's motives in having Horace Capon to live now in the house which he was eventually to occupy as master of the mills. I think he told me himself, one day, saying that Horace was even now as a son to him, the one man in the world to whom he could most willingly give his daughter; and adding that he knew Elsie would always find a happy home with us. I listened quietly until the loving plan was all unfolded; then I went away and sat alone for hours, thinking of it, my cheeks burning even in my solitude, and my heart beating rapidly. What a future that was to dream of! From that hour, when my dreams lost their vagueness, and this one lay marked out in brightest hues before me, I was conscious of a new shyness in my manner to Horace; a timidity quite new to me, yet the most natural result of that dream which was buried now so deeply and so fixedly in my heart. I thought Elsie was too thoroughly wrapped up in her own bright thoughts to notice this, yet I knew that our love for each other then was true and unsuspicious. But the day came at last when, after one flash of nameless pain, that cloud fell slowly and heavily down between us.

I had found Elsie sitting in the morning sunshine, watching Horace; so I stood above her, watching too, in silence. Returned at the gate for a moment, to raise his hat with a smile, then hurried on down the hill, and disappeared through one of the great doors of the mills. Elsie rose then, but I was dreaming still, just as I had stood, a little way back from the window, my eyes upon the spot where Horace disappeared.

"Margaret," said Elsie softly, pausing as she faced me, "your eyes look warm and glad now; and—because Horace could not see—you answered his smile with one as bright as his. Then why have you been cold to him, and distant?"

"Cold!" I echoed in a whisper, and I could not bring my eyes back to her face; "Elsie, dear, you do not understand."

She had both her hands upon my shoulders now, and her eyes were reading mine eagerly—ah, with such pained and breathless eagerness!

"Oh, Margaret," she cried, catching her breath in a great tearless sob, "tell me I am wrong! Say that I cannot read that in your face! Oh, no, no, no; it is not that!"

I put one arm around her, wondering that she should be so moved to read the secret which I must have guarded so much better than she had guarded hers.

"Elsie, dear," I said, laying my cheek upon her bright bent head, "there was nothing in my face which need have given you this sudden pain."

"Oh, yes," she cried; "oh, Margaret, yes, I saw."

She was weeping sorely there with her eyes hidden on my breast, and her trembling fingers clasping me even to pain.

"Elsie, what grieves you so?" I asked; "I cannot understand it."

"I—I must tell you, Margaret," she sobbed, keeping her face still hidden, "I must tell you; but—I never guessed—"

"Tell me," I whispered fondly, when she paused.

"Horace—Horace says—" she was uttering the words very rapidly below her breath, and with her head drooping so upon my breast that it was not easy to hear them—"Horace says—I mean he asked me—only yesterday—only yesterday, to be—his wife! Oh, Margaret, I love him more than all the world; and yet I wish—I wish—"

I think I put her gently from me, and made a feint of smiling; and I think that—groping blindly in my great misery—I spent that day just as I had spent other days which had been crowned with love and hope and pleasure. I think that I gave Horace my hand that night, and told him he would be very happy with Elsie; and I think that it was only Elsie who cried when we bade each other good-night. But I am not sure—I am sure of nothing save the anguished sobbing of my heart and head, and how, when that had been mine for many, many days, a great lonely coldness came and wrapped itself about my heart.

It was a happy and unruffled courtship, that of Horace's. My father gave his free consent to the marriage, and breathed no word of that disappointed plan of his; and my father's men, who all loved Elsie for her bright face and winning ways, made her young lover's heart rejoice with their praises of the wife whom he had chosen. And, day by day, it was my lot to watch this happy courtship, living entirely apart in my own inward life, and growing day by day more silent and more cold. But I felt that they would not notice this; it could not pain them, so closely were they bound now in each other. When Horace came home, of what value was my presence to Elsie—though until then she had liked to linger with me? When Elsie was near, what thought of Horace's would stray to me? Ah, what a bitter solitary time it was, and what hopeless and despairing thoughts possessed me! Why had he been given to her? His love was all the world to me; and she could have been made happy with other love, and would have turned brightly to accept another life. Sometimes I told myself that if he had loved me best, only for one day, I would have made it grow to such a strong and all-engrossing love, that it could never change; a love beside which this happy and untroubled affection that he bore to Elsie would be a shadow only—if only the love had once been there to take root.

Never could he guess at any of these dreams which haunted me, but I noticed that he often now looked at me with a new and curious intentness, which warned me that this hidden selfish pain was changing even my outward self. It must have been this change which prompted them to plan for Elsie and me to travel to the seaside, and stay there until the summer waned.

If they had let me go alone—there or anywhere—I thought I might have gained health and strength and better thoughts; but Elsie would not leave me. The days had been hard enough to bear at home, but they were harder here. If I had been left to sit alone in silence on the cliff, I could have loved perhaps, instead of chafing at, the lonely solemn sympathy of the sea; but Elsie seemed always near me, talking of home and Horace, until I nearly—all, so very, very nearly!—grew to hate her very presence, dreading every word that her bright voice should utter, and wearying utterly of her smiling face. Left alone with her, and hearing her constantly speak of Horace in that tone of confident childlike happiness, it could not be but that I soon must hate her in my heart.

II.

My father and Horace were to be with us in the afternoon, and in the morning Elsie and I went out to bathe together. There was no sunshine on the sea, but the water was fresh and full of motion, just as we liked it; so we laughed when we were told that there was danger of a sudden squall that day; that very few ladies had ventured out, and even they were returning now.

"Not that there's any danger, miss," the man said, as he hooked his horse's harness to the caravan which I had chosen; "only don't you think you'd better take one of the women with you?"

"We are not afraid, are we, Margaret?" smiled Elsie; "and we help each other quite enough."

Then she gave orders for her own bathing-machine to be wheeled close to mine in the sea, and ran up the steps with a smile and nod at me.

How well I remember the look of the sea that day, as I stepped into it, and Elsie came up to me with her dancing step and laughing eyes. So gray and sombre the water was, so wide and restless; so wide, so secret, and so safe. I shook away Elsie's clinging hands.

"Why do you hold me?" I cried. "Go away; do not come so close to me again."

"No, no; give me your hands, Margaret," she said, rising merrily, and shaking back her hair, after the noisy wave had passed over us and left us free to speak again. "Do you forget that they feared a sudden gust? We shall be all right if we are hand in hand."

"We are quite safe so, and it is pleasanter," I said, and threw myself beneath the water, trying hard to drown the happy sound of Elsie's laughter.

How wide and secret the sea was! and what a little thing she looked there, battling merrily with its waters, so strong against her little shielding hands. And what a horrible longing possessed me, yet what an over-mastering fear! Fear of what? Fear of the waters which I loved? Fear of Elsie's tiny power? Ah, no; what fear I had was fear of myself.

We were standing quite still, talking each other how calm the sea had grown all in a minute, and still with that distance between us, which I kept so carefully, when the squall came. A sudden violent rush of wind swept across the waters toward the shore; the waves reared themselves above us, then swooped down and dashed us helplessly upon the sand.

"Margaret! Margaret!"—I could hear Elsie's call as the great wave rolled on—"Your hands!—hold me, hold me!"

I fought my way to her and took her hands, then I looked wildly round. The bathing-machines seemed to be miles away from us now, and one was thrown upon its side by that strong rush of wind and water. If we could reach it, we might support ourselves, perhaps, until help came. The shore looked like another world to my hot, anguished eyes, so far away, so far away. What was this singing in my ears? Was it the water still? I was strong and fearless now; no wave, however fierce and strong, would swallow me. The water was but shallow after all—unless we fell.

"Oh Margaret, take me in your arms—my breath is going! You are so strong and calm; don't leave me, Margaret."

Calm! There was such a tempest in my heart, that this tempest on the waters was as nothing to it.

"Margaret, where have the waves carried us? Oh, we are lost, we are lost—help me, Margaret!"

I put my arms about her—this girl who had won from me all that made life precious—and I held her closely, very closely. She looked up from my arms, her eyes eagerly seeking comfort from mine, her lips parted for the question to come panting forth:

"Shall we be lost?"

COUNTRY PRACTITIONER (about to go up to the city on business). "I sha'n't be more than ten days at the furthest, Mr. Fawceps. You'll visit the patients regularly, and take care that none of 'em slip through your fingers—or get well—during my absence!"

Then, as if she had read a hopeless answer in my face, a piercing cry went up among the clouds:

"Oh Horace! Horace!"

More closely still I held her now, but held her where the waters must pass over her in their rush. My lips were tight and firm; my eyes upon that second mighty wave that came so fiercely to engulf us.

"I am holding you, Elsie. Close your eyes, for it is coming!"

Bent and frail, she stood in my embrace, with her eyes closed, while the huge wave, which I could calmly stand and watch, came rolling on behind her. Then I held her down, firmly and steadily, beneath the water, battling the while for my own life and breath. When at last the sea grew calm again, and we were tossed no longer at its wild strong will, I had still my hands upon her shoulders, and under the waters I could see a white dead face. And my strength had not failed me even yet, for I was holding her so when they found us, and lifted us together, whispering eagerly that one was living, but that the other had been for a long time dead.

III.

I did not see Horace for a long time, so that when at last they let me see him, the first bitterness of his grief was past. He asked me many things about that day, and I told him all—save the terrible truth that I had killed her. I told him how Elsie had clung to me in her fear, when that awful wind swept so suddenly across the sea; but how she had grown so weak at last and despairing, that she fell with the second wave, and never rose again. He sat beside me while I told him this, and then it seemed to grow natural to him to sit beside me; and at last I—watching his face—saw its sorrow fade, and the old look of content return to it. At first it was in silence that he sat beside me, and this silence I could understand and share; but gradually he would win me on to talk to him, and his eyes would brighten as he listened. So we grew dear friends again—dearer than we had ever been; and I forgot that white drowned face, which lay now side by side with my own mother, under the old cedar in our churchyard on the hill.

One night we had strolled there together to lay some autumn blossoms on the grave; and so long he lingered there in perfect silence, that all my fears and my despair came back to me in overwhelming force. He had forgotten me! Before his grave eyes was the bright childish face of her who had won his first love. He was wishing she had been saved and I lost. Why had he brought me here, where I could see the white drowned face, just as I saw it look when I held it still below the waters, after the angry death had passed? Should I be obliged to see it thus before me all my life?

Silently, as we had stood there, we turned from the grave side by side; then suddenly Horace clasped me in his arms and kissed me. So tenderly, and yet so passionately, he kissed me, under the quiet stars, that at that moment I knew I had won what I had so long craved for vainly. He had learned to give me a stronger and more fervent love than he had ever given to Elsie.

IV.

Horace and I had been married nearly a year, and this was Christmas-eve. My husband had been away for two or three days, but I knew he would return for Christmas-day, and so I sat waiting for him. Always I longed for his return when he had left me, but hardly ever so intensely as I longed for it this night. The wind was blowing fitfully; now rising in sudden gusts which brought back to me that horrible morning in the sea; and now lying lulled and calm, as it had been upon that autumn night when Horace and I had stood beside Elsie's grave in that strange silence which he broke at last to tell me with what strength and tenderness he loved me.

So strangely nervous and so timid I had grown, that when I heard my husband's step at last, I ran to meet him just as if he came as a deliverer.

"Frightened, my darling?" he questioned, tenderly, as he led me back into the lighted room. "Tempestuous, is not it? but so beautiful out of doors. The moon is full, and the sky exquisite. Have you been out at all to-day?"

"No, Horace."

"Then, when dinner is over, I will take you. It will do you good, if you will put on plenty of furs; and it will do me good too, to have you walking at my side again. You are not afraid of this wind, my darling?"

"No."

"And I love it. Ah, how good it is to be home with you again, my wife!"

"Do you miss me when we are apart, then, Horace?"

I asked it eagerly, yet I knew well that the time had come of which I used to dream—he lavished on me now far more intensity of affection than he had ever given to his first love.

"Miss you!" he echoed, folding me within his arms and laying his lips most tenderly on mine. "There is no minute in any hour of my absence in which I do not miss you, darling; and if I tried to say how much, I should but fail."

"Because you love me so, Horace?"

"Because I love you so, my cherished wife."

"You never loved any one before, as you love me?"

"I never have—I never can—love any one as I love you, my own beloved."

I knew it so well; but still I loved to hear him say it.

The moon was riding gloriously through the frosty sky, when we started out together. Horace had himself fastened the soft furs about my neck, kissing me as he did so, and my heart beat joyously and proudly as I leaned on his strong arm, and felt that I was very precious to him.

So earnestly and happily were we talking, so perfect was the beauty of the night, that I had not noticed where we were going, until we stopped before a gate I knew, and Horace bent to open it.

"We have wandered here almost unconsciously, my darling," he said; "but we will go in and stand a moment in the quietness beside Elsie's grave. In our own intense happiness, we would not forget her upon this beautiful Christmas-night; and it is her birthday too, you remember, Margaret."

I shrank inside, and whispered, "Not to-night—not on Christmas-night—not on her birthday;" but Horace gently led me on, until we stood once more together beside that great square stone beneath the cedar. It was very chill and gloomy there, and I crept closer to my husband's side; very chill and very gloomy, even with his strong protecting arm around me. Why had he brought me here, when we had both learned to forget, and had grown so happy? If he would but speak—if he would but talk to me, and chase away these haunting memories which had not visited me since, in this very spot, he had told me how he loved me! If he would only tell me so again—loudly, that the words might drown this moaning in my ears, this rushing of the sea about my head, this cry of a faint and dying voice! Why had he breathed her name at all to-night, and raised this awful memory?

"Oh, Horace, Horace, see the white dead face!"

My cry had not broken his long silence, so I knew it was uttered only in my heart. I looked up eagerly, that the glance of his kind eyes might give me courage; but that drowned face had come between us.

"Oh, Horace," I cried, groping with my hands, "take it away; take it away! She would have you save her, and let me go!"

"Margaret, my darling, are you ill?"

I heard the question in my husband's soft kind tones, but there was something else I heard far more distinctly.

"Listen!" I cried, turning to face the blast of wind which came sweeping over the valley below; "listen!—listen!"

I waited for its coming with my arms outstretched, and when the storm had passed, and left me standing so, I fancied death had spared me once again, as it had done at sea, and I knew why. That story was to be told to Horace; here, by the grave where the voices moaned; now, before that second gust came sweeping by which had brought death before, and might bring death again. The white, dead face beneath that stone cried out for justice now; the voices of the wind and sea cried out aloud their accusation. I had a task to do in the lull of that great storm, and I must do it. I drew away from my husband's side, and stood opposite him in the shadow of the cedar; my eyes fixed steadily upon him, and my words slow and clear.

Quite still he stood to listen, while I told him all; quite still until I had finished; then, after an utter terrible pause, he fell on his knees beside the stone, and hid his face upon it. I did not speak or move until he rose, after a long, long time; then I eagerly and piteously scanned his face, that I might glean only a ray of hope. Even in the shadow—for he was leaning now against the tree—I could see how rigid and how coldly white his face had grown.

"Oh, Horace," I cried, falling on the great before him, and appealing to him with my burning hands outstretched, "Oh, my husband, all the sin there may have been, you caused. If I had not loved you—"

Coldly and sternly he interrupted me, bidding me come away from beside that grave.

"Oh, Horace, take me back to your heart!" I pleaded. "Why did you bring me here? You would never have known, if you had not brought me here to-night, and we should have been happy now—as we were before. Oh, Horace, I am the same Margaret whom you loved so dearly an hour ago—only a little hour ago—so dearly, you said; so dearly! I remember it, I remember every word. You missed me every minute of every hour of our separation, you said—oh, Horace, remember that, and take me back. See how I have loved you. If you had—had even done what I have done, tempted by your love for me, I should have wept and prayed for pardon for you, and comforted you, I think; and clung to you and pitied you; but never ceased to love you—never, never! Oh, my husband, let it come slowly; love me a little—just a little—until I can bear its being taken all away!"

I pushed my hair away from my throbbing temples; something was burning in my head, and the noise the sea made in rushing over Elsie's face, was deafening me—deafening and blinding me, for I could not see Horace now; nothing but a dark, still shadow; and between it and me, a girl with long, wet hair and sunken cheeks.

"Oh, Horace, take me back! We can be happy still—we know it, we have proved it; you have often said it. You can forget this. I had forgotten until you brought me here to-night, and that wave came rolling to us and left her face—Horace, Horace!" the words were an eager hurried whisper now—"take me up, Horace! I am dying here; dying at her feet and yours; or—or am—I—mad?"

He raised me from the grass, without a movement of his white and rigid face.

"I will take you to your home," he said, "and after that I wish that I might never look upon your face again."

"Why, Horace?" I whispered, with a vacant smile upon my parching lips; "we cannot be separated, you and I; we are married, you know; they cannot separate us."

"We are separated now," he answered slowly; "separated utterly and forever."

"Oh, no, Horace, no!" I cried, appealing to him once again with eager hands and eyes. "You will take me back? It was for your sake I did it, and you have loved me since, when I was just what I am now. You valued my love then. Ah, yes, I know you did, for that knowledge was my happiness, and I could not be deceived. You valued my love then; oh, take it now, my husband—my own husband, whom no one can take from me—when it is a hundred times more earnest than it has ever been before!"

I could see his face in the moonlight now, and I knew there was no hope for me.

"Horace!" I cried, with such a cry as might have reached to the cold dead around us, "Horace—forgive!"

Coldly he drew back from me, and then—I laughed; laughed loudly and shrilly, there in the silence of the calm and beautiful night. But when I saw his stern white face grow colder still, I wondered why I had laughed.

"Nothing can separate us, Horace," I whispered, trying to fix my vacant gaze upon him, and smiling as I thought that my glad, low whisper must comfort him. "Nothing can separate us now. Don't be frightened, Horace; you are my husband, and I will not leave you. Did you dream that I could be so cruel? I was not half so cruel to her as that would be."

He turned from me, shuddering through all his frame, and then I knew that the love, which had been my very life, was dead forever. I saw, in all its fullest, darkest horror, the long anguish of the life to which he doomed me; and standing still, I took my burning head within my hands and uttered shriek on shriek, until the silence of the winter night was all alive with sound, and the beauty of the moonlight vanished in a great black darkness.

V.

I have been very, very ill. I wake to the knowledge slowly, as I lie and listen to the hushed breath and softened footsteps in my room. I wake to it very, very slowly, dreaming a wonderful dream the while.

I am lying in my own room at home, and Elsie sits beside my bed, just as she did when I was ill once in the old past—so many years ago; and my father comes for tidings of his child, with his eyes dim and anxious, just as I used to see them in that far-back time. Horace is living with us, in this dream of mine, just as he did then; and he, too, waits for tidings, and comes to look upon me with a soft slow step. Ah, if this dream may last a little longer; because, when I awake, my husband's face will meet me stern and cold, as it must be through all the rest of my sin-shadowed life; and instead of this bright face beside my bed, will be the memory of that drowned head I saw beneath the waters. It is far better to be dying, and to dream this dream, than grow quite strong and well, and meet my misery again. It is such a beautiful, beautiful dream!

I am lying now under the beech upon the lawn, and the golden leaves fall softly on me one by one; very softly, as if they fell a long, long way—perhaps from heaven itself. The sky is bright and blue up there above them, and the sunlight creeps amid their shelter to lay its warm sweet kiss upon my face. There are no fierce rushing storms of wind in this beautiful dream, and no driving waves. There is only peace and calm and sunshine, and the rare sweet fragrance of the autumn flowers I love. I dare not speak, lest I should break my dream.

I see my father standing against the golden beech, and watching me, with the old look of love upon his face. Elsie is beside me still, as she has been all through this peaceful dream, and in her eyes is shining such a look of loving, pitiful compassion, that I cannot even trust myself to meet it, lest it should bring the tears, for tears would waken me. And now, across the lawn, comes Horace, his face the kind and pleasant face of long ago—the face I loved when I was innocent—so long ago! He comes up to me—softly, as they all come in this dream of mine—and I read the old friendship in his eyes and something more; not hatred and contempt; ah, no, but a great tenderness and a great compassion, and something that looks almost like awe. I remember the different face which I shall see when I awake, and silently I pray that it may be God's will I die before the waking comes.

My hands are very weak and thin and wasted, and when he takes one into his, and kneels beside my couch, I can see the pity and the fear which darken Elsie's eyes. My voice is low and failing, but at last they understand my question, reading it more from my eyes than from my lips; and Elsie answers it in a whisper, her warm lips touching my cheek and forehead between the words:

"No dream, my darling, no dream. We have you with us, and we are nursing you back to health again. If care and love—the truest, fondest love, my dear—can give you strength, then you will soon be your own self again."

So the words run, in this summer dream of mine. I have no pain, only a great faintness. If I were a leaf upon the beech above me, at the first faint breath of wind I should fall just so—softly and slowly to the ground.

"Margaret," Elsie whispers, when her sweet face comes between those reddening leaves and my wide upturned eyes, "do you remember that day we were together in the sea, when the wind rose so suddenly? I want to tell you, oh, my dear, what the memory of that day has been to me."

I am awaking now—awaking with an icy shiver. In one moment my dream will be over—my beautiful summer dream.

"Tell me slowly—slowly," I plead, my broken words most eager in their utter weakness. "No—let Horace tell; then I shall be—awake. Tell me all, Horace."

"It is too much to tell to-day," he whispers, wrapping a shawl about me tenderly, for he does not know that I lie shivering there because I know I am awaking; "how can I tell, in a few simple words, that brave, unselfish act of yours? How can I speak calmly, even yet, of how you saved my darling at the risk of your own life; of how, when she fainted and fell, you rescued her, and held her safe above the water until help came; then how you put her in safety, and—your strength all worn—sank down yourself, exhausted and unconscious; of how the fiercest wave of all came then, and we—we were barely in time to save you! How can I tell you of this, and of our gratitude and love?

Both their faces are near mine, full of the love he has just spoken of, and—is it the gratitude too? My eyes gather a little warmth and life from theirs. There is a feeling, utterly strange to me, upon my thin white lips—they are breaking into a smile.

"This is true, then! This is true, and the—the other was the dream?"

"All this is true, my darling; and we are true; and the sunshine and the flowers, they are all true. Everything is true, except those terrible delirious fancies which have been with you in your fever. That was the dream; but it has passed now, and all the fancies have passed, too. Ah, there is a little look of returning health at last. You are coming back to us from the gates of death—Oh, my dear, my dear, we shall be happy once again!"

Answers to Correspondents.

PAY YOUR POSTAGE.—Authors and others often send us letters and manuscripts not fully paid. In these cases the Department here enforces payment of the deficiency—which we either have to pay, or to decline receiving the letters or manuscripts. Authors will also bear in mind that the Department now requires letter postage on all manuscripts—therefore it is often cheaper, as it is always safer, to send large packages by express.

We cannot undertake to answer questions relating to the acceptance or rejection of manuscripts in this column. And there is no occasion of writing to ask whether we will examine a manuscript. Send it on, and we will examine it; keeping a copy, to avoid all danger of loss—as we do not hold ourselves responsible for the safe return of manuscript.

ILLINOIS wishes to know: "1st. What is meant by 'Old Christmas' or 'Twelfth Night?' 2d. Which is proper, for the lady to take the gentleman's arm or the gentleman the lady's when walking on the street?" 1st. Old Christmas or Twelfth Night is the period when, according to German fairy lore, Befana, the good fairy of German children, makes her visits. Legend says that Befana was too busy with household affairs to look after the Magi when they went to offer their gifts, and said she would wait to see them on their return. But they went another way, and Befana every twelfth night after Christmas watches for them. 2d. The lady should take the gentleman's arm of course, presuming that he is polite enough to offer it.

B. C., (Parkerville, Morris Co., Kansas,) writes: "My husband has a book which he brought from Fort Magdala, Abyssinia, since the British expedition there, a religious book, very old, supposed to have belonged to the late King Theodore. Can you tell me where I could get a translation of it? and where I could place it where it would be appreciated as a curiosity and relic of the late war? I believe it is in the Amberic language." The book would certainly be extremely interesting, both as a literary and foreign curiosity. Some college linguist might be able to translate it, but we fear that in this country a person accomplished in the language named would be hard to find. Elihu Burritt is famed for his linguistic ability; possibly he could give a version of the book. Any museum or antiquarian society would eagerly take the book, and if it is genuine would, perhaps, pay considerable for it. Write to the Historical Society of this city, or the Philadelphia Library.

MINNIE MOORE, (Freeport, Ill.,) writes: "We have been taking the Post for several years and I have never troubled you with any questions before this. But as I am in a pack of trouble and have no one from whom I like to ask advice, I will try and seek help from you. I am engaged to be married to a young gentleman whom I love very much, but my father objects to him, and says I shall never marry him, and has forbidden him to come to our house. The young gentleman wishes me to elope with him and be married. My father is a widower and I keep house for him. I am the only daughter, and he says if I were to marry he would be broken up; therefore he doesn't like any young man to wait on me. This has been the case for two or three years, and I see no prospect of him changing. All the objections he has to the gentleman in question is that he loves me and wishes to marry me. I have known him since I was a child, and never knew anything against him or his character. He has the reputation of being the steadiest young man in the neighborhood. Now, what I wish to know is this: Must I leave home and marry the man I love, and thereby receive the curse of my father, or stay at home, keep house for him and sacrifice my life-long happiness? Please don't throw this aside for I shall look patiently for an answer. And I fully intend to take your advice upon the subject." Your letter has interested us very much. It seems like an earnest, rational, temperate statement of a hard case. We do not like to counsel young persons to go contrary to the wishes of their parents, for in the main parents are right. We do not advise you so to act in the difficulties of your present position, nor do we wish you to sacrifice your happiness. If mere selfishness moves your father to oppose your marriage with the man of your choice, that should not be permitted to operate at such a cost to yourself. The happiness of any and every human being is a precious and sacred thing, especially the happiness of the young. Perhaps that is what your father, seeing further than you, is really considering. The proposition made by your lover for you to elope with him may indicate a nature essentially dishonorable, or it may only indicate impatience and disgust at your father's selfishness. As a rule, young men who advise elopement are not to be trusted. But you say you have known your lover since childhood, and that his character—or reputation at least—is excellent. We are strongly inclined to think that it is, for a sensible girl like you would have nothing to do with him if he were not really worthy. Our advice to you, then, is not to give up the prospect of a happy marriage with him, but by patient and loving pleading to win your father to favor your desires. He will yield, we trust, unless he has better reasons than we imagine he has to withhold his approval of your choice of a man to be your husband. If after all your efforts to secure this end be females unyielding, and having reached the age of 21 or 22, your faith in your lover is still strong and your love "pertect," go quietly and get married—don't call it an elopement though. If your father continues his displeasure, be as perseveringly kind to him as you can, and see if that doesn't fetch him around.

MONTOE, (Shamokin, Penna.,) asks: "1st. Are there coal beds in Virginia of any importance? 2d. How is Pierce pronounced? 3d. How do the commercial failures of 1873 compare with those of 1874? 1st. After Pennsylvania there is no State in the Union richer in coal deposits than Virginia. The great Alleghany coal-field extends almost the whole length of the Shenandoah valley, to the North Carolina line. It is estimated that the average quantity of coal to be obtained from every acre of those coal lands would be about fifty thousand tons, and that the quantity of available coal in the district is so very large that practically for a thousand years to come it may be regarded as unlimited. There are other deposits in the state also. 2d, Pier-ce-ive. 3d. The number in 1873 was 5,183; in 1874 4,069.

MYRTLE, (Saxonburg, Pa.,) writes: "I have seen it asked in the correspondents' column if the handwriting of a person is any index of character or temperament, and now I come to you with a question of similar import: Is the hair any index to those subjects?" We are not inclined to place much reliance on such guides. Perhaps we throw open the subject will interest you and others of our readers.—"As long," says the author of "Hair Markets of Europe," "as girls will wear as much false hair as that naturally belonging to them, it would be puerile to attempt to read character or disposition in the fashion and character of the locks displayed; but viewed naturally, the hair is as great an index of temperament and disposition as the features. Mr. Creer, in his volume on hair, for instance, quotes the following delightful sketch of character founded upon the scanty and scattered flowing locks from a book recently published in Paris, entitled, 'Secrets of Beauty:' 'Short, crisp hair and dark skin signify great power of character, with a tendency to sensuality. Fine black hair and dark skin indicate strength of character, along with purity and goodness. Soft, straight, black hair and beard indicate a coarse, strong, rigid, straightforward character. Fine dark brown hair signifies the combination of exquisite sensibilities with great strength of character. Flat, clinging, straight hair a melancholy but extremely sensual character. Harsh, upright hair—the sign of a reticent and sour spirit; a stubborn and harsh character. Coarse red hair indicates powerful animal propensities, together with a correspondingly strong mind character. Auburn hair, with florid countenance, denotes the highest order of sentiment and intensity of feeling, purity of character, with the highest capacity for enjoyment or suffering. Straight, even, smooth and glossy hair denotes strength, harmony and evenness of character, beauty of feeling, a clear, broad and superior intellect. Fine, silky, supple hair is the mark of a delicate and sensitive temperament, and speaks in favor of the mind and character. White hair denotes a lymphatic and feeble constitution; and we may add that besides all these qualities there are chemical properties residing in the coloring matter which undoubtedly have some effect upon the disposition. Thus, red-haired people are notoriously passionate. Now red hair is proved by analysis to contain a large amount of sulphur, while very black hair is colored with almost pure carbon. The presence of these matters in the blood points to peculiarities of temperament and feeling which are almost universally associated with them. The very way in which the hair flows is strongly indicative of the ruling passions and inclinations, and perhaps a clever person could give a shrewd guess at the manner of a man or woman's disposition by only seeing the locks of their heads."

[Several letters are held over to be answered in our next.]